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## COUNTY MAY LOSE $2871 ON ILLEGAL BOUNTIES

### State Refuses to Reimburse on Schenck Certificates.

### ECHO OF FRAUD CASES

**County Commissioners Formally Notified that Large Claim Paid by them for Scalps has been Rejected at Harrisburg.**

Centre County stands a very good chance to lose $2871 paid out as bounties certified by Hayes Schenck, of Howard, while a Justice of the Peace. The State has bluntly refused to reimburse Centre County for these bounties, taking the ground that the bounties were illegally certified to by Schenck. Centre County has no recourse but to ask the next Legislature for permission to sue the Commonwealth, and if this is accorded a suit must be fought through the Dauphin County courts. This could not be undertaken until 1919, and it might be quite a while after the Legislature granted permission for suit to be entered before the case could be reached in the courts. At best, this could not be until toward the very close of the terms of the present Centre County Board of Commissioners, and even then the outcome of such a suit would be a matter of considerable doubt. Viewing the situation from all angles it looks now very much as if Centre County's $2871 is a "gone gosling."

The request of the Centre County Commissioners that the County be reimbursed, and the refusal of the State to approve the $2871 claim, is a rather costly echo of the bounty fraud cases which a year or more ago resulted in the conviction of Schenck for illegally certifying to bounty claims which were paid by the County Commissioners. At the time of the Schenck trial Frederick J. Shoyer, acting as a special Deputy Attorney General in assisting the prosecution, frankly stated that the one object desired was to stop the practice of fraud and that the Commonwealth was not undertaking to escape liability for the bounty claims that had been paid. However, when the Centre County Commissioners asked that the County be reimbursed for the bounties certified to by Schenck they were met with a positive refusal. There was more or less correspondence and some personal interviews between the Centre County Commissioners and the State officials at Harrisburg but the latter, who happen to hold the trump card inasmuch as they have the money, refused to budge. In the last day or two the Centre County Commissioners have been formally advised from Harrisburg that the $2871 claim had been finally thrown out, in other words disallowed.

What the County Commissioners contend is the injustice of the attitude of the State officials, while they may be fortified legally in the attitude they have assumed, would seem to lie in their contention that the Centre County Commissioners should not have paid the fraudulent bounties and therefore cannot be expected to be reimbursed. Under the system then in vogue a bounty claim was paid by the County Commissioners of Centre and all other counties, upon a proper certificate by a Justice of the Peace. They had no way of determining whether an animal mentioned in a certificate had actually been killed. They had no alternative but to accept the certificate as genuine and pay the bounty. They did this with certificates from Schenck as well as those from other Justices of the Peace. According to County Commissioner Grove when an unusually large number of certificates had been issued by Schenck and rumors were afloat that irregularities existed or were suspected, Schenck was called before the Board of Commissioners and not only questioned but warned of the severe penalty in law for making a fraudulent certificate. Schenck assured the County Commissioners, said Mr. Grove, that every certificate he had issued was genuine. On the strength of this the County Commissioners continued to pay the Schenck certificates until Schenck was arrested.

Not all of the Schenck certificates were fraudulent and Centre County could no doubt collect from the State for such as were regular upon filing proof in each instance. To secure this proof, however, it would be necessary for the County Commissioners to summon every person who was paid on a Schenck certificate and as best they could determine which were genuine and which were not. The cost of such an investigation would probably be greater than the amount that might be recovered from the State, so that the outlook along that line is not encouraging to say the least.

Lawyers often have ways of getting around legal corners that do not suggest themselves to the mind of the layman, and it may be that they will find some plan whereby Centre County can recover. Just now, however, it looks very much as if it is "good night" for the $2871.

### Peaches to Burn.

This week the people of Bellefonte and vicinity were given an opportunity of securing the finest kind of peaches. The Lauderbach & Zerby Co. purchased forty-five car loads from one firm in New York which are being distributed among their wholesale establishments. Two of these were unloaded in Bellefonte Monday morning, two more will be in the latter part of this week.

Weaver Brothers, the grocers, unloaded a car load Monday and had them sold before they reached here. It took some work to deliver them, and a good deal of christian patience. Monday morning Park Weaver stopped his automobile at the home of Charles L. Gates on east Lamb street. The brake on the machine was not as good as it might have been and while Park was absent the auto filled with peaches, started down the steep hill. The front wheel struck a stone and turned the machine down the alley toward Linn street. When half way down it struck an ash barrel and the auto turned on its side and peaches were strewn in the alley. One or two baskets came open and the boys of the community had a picnic. The windshield was broken and there were other slight damages done to the machine. Park said you mustn't mind a little thing like that so he righted matters as best he could and the little Ford went rambling right along.

### Lest We Forget.

In making continual notice of the progress of the Titan Metal Co., which we have done very heartily, we are apt to forget the operations at the old car works. Firm after firm, since 1873, has taken hold of them and failed. Abramsen Rolling Mill Manufacturing Co. came along and the indications are that they will make a permanent thing out it. They are employing a large number of men, among them are skilled mechanics, at good wages. They are putting out a large number of machines, some going to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and as far west as Chicago. One of the machines will be sent to Japan in the near future. The business men and people in general, wish this enterprising firm much success.

### Dies in Electric Chair.

Monday morning an Italian by the name of Nicolo Kotur, of Dauphin county, who was twice convicted of murdering Yosep Bakic in Steelton on December 25, 1915, was electrocuted at the Western Penitentiary at Rockview. He went to the chair at 7.03 o'clock and after five contacts was pronounced dead by Dr. Robert J. Campbell at 7.10. Only last week the victim was refused commutation of sentence by the board of pardons. He met death calmly. Sergeant of Police Davis, Desk Sergeant McPherson, patrolmen Dean and Miller, all of Altoona, were among those who witnessed the execution.

### Drafted Men Leave Saturday

Arrangements had been made by Sheriff Yarnell to send the second quota of drafted men to Camp Meade, at Admiral, Md., on Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock but he received later orders from the war department to defer the time for leaving from Bellefonte Saturday morning at the same hour. The number of conscripts this time is six and they will leave having the same good wishes of our people as those who preceded them with the hope they may accomplish the purpose for which are sent, and that they may be permitted to return to enjoy the world again at peace, followed by a more prosperous nation.

### Mrs. F. K. Luchenbach Dead.

Mrs. Frank K. Luchenbach, of Tyrone, a sister of John M. Bullock, of Bellefonte, died this (Thursday) morning at 5 o'clock in the Lakeside hospital, at Cleveland, Ohio, to which institution she was admitted for treatment a few days ago. Her maiden name was Katherine Bullock. She resided in Bellefonte until a few years ago when she removed to Tyrone. The body will be brought to Bellefonte tomorrow night and removed to the John M. Bullock home on Curtin Street. Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

### Select Boulevard Lights.

Citizens of Millheim have selected the boulevard system of electric street lights. They will pay the additional cost of wiring and iron posts by popular subscription.

## WOMAN GETS 2 TO 3 YRS. PENITENTIARY SENTENCE

### Mrs. Hillary Viard Sent to Pittsburgh for Robbing Man.

### HUSBAND PUT IN JAIL

**Given Twenty-two Months Term on Two Charges—Would have been Sentenced with Wife to Penitentiary had Law Permitted.**

Mr. and Mrs. Hillary Viard, of South Philipsburg, who figured so conspicuously in court last week, abandoned their intention to ask new trials and on Tuesday received heavy sentences at the hands of Judge Quigley. Mrs. Viard was given two to three years in the Pittsburgh penitentiary. Her husband was sentenced to twenty-two months in the county jail. Judge Quigley frankly stated from the bench that Viard would have been given a penitentiary instead of a jail sentence if the law covering the case had made it possible.

Sentencing a woman to the penitentiary is an exceptional proceeding. At the present time there are not more than a dozen women convicts in the Pittsburgh penitentiary, due largely to leniency extended by the courts. In Mrs. Viard's case, however, there were no extenuating circumstances. Even before her conviction last week she rested under suspended sentence for a similar crime. She was convicted last week of robbing a man who visited her house in South Philipsburg for immoral purposes. Her husband was convicted with her on a charge of keeping a bawdy house. Both had entered a plea of guilty to a charge of assault and battery. Viard was given ten months in jail on the assault and battery charge and twelve months on the charge of keeping a bawdy house. The case was a most revolting one. The burden of testimony was that Viard had used, or at best allowed his wife to be used, for immoral purposes. He did not make any pretense at working for a living. This he explained as being due to weakness of the heart. In sentencing him Judge Quigley referred to this and remarked that Viard's weakness of the heart did not interfere with his participating in fights with men who frequented the Viard house.

Mrs. Viard has rather attractive features. She is about thirty years old. During the progress of the trials in which she figured she maintained a surface of assumed indifference. She smiled and chatted with several men friends in the court room. On the witness stand she brazenly reiterated her innocence despite the preponderance of evidence to the contrary. A suggestion by a friend that the verdict probably would be against her and that she had made a mistake in not pleading guilty brought from her a shrug of the shoulders by way of reply. She retained her nerve even while the verdict of guilty was being read in open court.

But when she appeared before Judge Quigley for sentence the woman's wonderful self-control was gone. She realized that she faced a long prison term and her nerve broke. To Judge Quigley's comment that she had brought her trouble upon herself, that she had been resting under suspended sentence and instead of leading a better life had repeated the crime, Mrs. Viard interjected the remark that she was innocent and several times reiterated this as the Court impressed on her that the jury had decided otherwise. When she finally realized that her pleas had been in vain, and as Judge Quigley announced sentence to the penitentiary, Mrs. Viard gave way to deep sobbing and for a time appeared to be on the verge of complete collapse. Once back in jail she quickly recovered and in anger turned upon her husband with the assertion that he was the one who had gotten the money. She was taken to Pittsburgh Wednesday morning. Women convicts are not transferred to the Rockview penitentiary. Even with good behavior Mrs. Viard must serve two years at least and all of this time will be spent behind the bars in Pittsburgh.

### The New Issue of Bonds.

Monday morning when the banks of New York City opened the first business transacted was to subscribe eleven million dollars to the new issue of Liberty Bonds. Coming a little closer, what are Bellefonte and Centre county going to do in the matter? They bear 4 percent and are as good as old gold. E. E. Jones, a young man from the financial centres of New York City, will canvass the county in the interest of these bonds. He comes highly recommended for truth and honesty and any transaction made by him will be carried out to the letter.

## JURY ACQUITS MENCHIO ON CHARGE OF MURDER

### Verdict of Not Guilty Rendered for Philipsburg Man.

### PLEA OF SELF DEFENSE

**Counsel for Prisoner Produced Wicked Looking Revolver Taken from Walter Young who was Stabbed to Death in Street Fight.**

A big, murderous looking revolver that would carry a rifle-size bullet contributed largely to a verdict of acquittal in the trial of Thomas Menchio on the charge of stabbing and killing Walter Young, of Philipsburg. The verdict giving Menchio his freedom was returned by the jury late last Friday night, after the case had been under way for virtually three days. The revolver in question had been carried by Young and he had made threats against Menchio. There was no attempt by counsel for the prisoner to deny the stabbing or that the stab wound had caused Young's death. Nor did it matter much to the jury that the revolver referred to was not in Young's possession when he and Menchio met in a life or death struggle. The contention was that Menchio had acted in self-defense when he plunged his knife into Young's neck, and this apparently met the approval of the jury. Menchio remained in Bellefonte until Saturday and then accompanied an older brother to Greensburg where he expects to reside in the future.

The murder trial was attended with an elaboration of the facts as produced by the prosecution at the habeas corpus proceedings several weeks ago. The Menchio and Young families were neighbors. Their children quarreled. The mothers took up the quarrel. Finally Menchio and Young became involved and a bitter hatred between them resulted. Young, described by some witnesses as a "bad actor", had been drinking heavily on the day before and also on the day of the fight that resulted in his death. Counsel for Menchio proved that the murdered man had been in bar-rooms several times in the hours immediately previous to the fatal fight. They showed that he had lain in wait for Menchio on the previous night. And when the trial was well under way Menchio's counsel, Gettig and Runkle, played their trump card. By witnesses they revealed that Young had carried a revolver so big and murderous looking that it caused a shudder to pass over jurymen and spectators. From that moment one could feel that the tide was turning in favor of the prisoner and the verdict of not guilty was by no means a surprise.

### A Trip to Johnstown.

At 4.30 o'clock Sunday morning Edward Gehret his sister, Lizzie Gehret, L. H. Wian and wife, Fred Herman and wife and Harry Murtorff and wife left Bellefonte for Johnstown to hear "Teddy" Roosevelt speak for the Red Cross. It was a delightful drive going out and while there they took dinner with Mr. Wian's sister, Mrs. Kate Bruner. They rsached Johnstown about 11 o'clock and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock Roosevelt spoke in the park when 25 cents admission was charged. During the exercises it sleeted and snowed which made it very disagreeable. The road from Altoona to Johnstown was lined with automobiles and on returning the road was smeary from the sleet and snow which made it difficult to travel, and a large number of the machines slipped off the road. Fred Herman had the misfortune of breaking a spring and had a difficult time getting it fixed so he could return home. Mr. Wian is now waving his hat for "Teddy."

### The War Library.

The organizations that have contributed to this fund are as follows:—

Woman's Guild of the Episcopal church, Woman's Aid of the Presbyterian church, the Aid Society of the Reformed church, the Epworth League of the Methodist church, the Sunday School of the Evangelical church, the Dorcas Society of the Roman Catholic church, the W. C. T. U., the Woman's Club, the Rebekah Lodge, the Bellefonte Academy. Out of Bellefonte money was raised at the Grange Picnic, and Blanchard. A number of individuals have contributed either through their organizations or directly. All further contributions should be sent in by Tuesday, October 9th. A full statement will then be sent to the papers for publication.

Mrs. Robert Mills Beach,
Chairmain.

### MEETING OF COUNCIL

**A Coal Bill Ordered Paid but Still Subject of Controversy.**

The Bellefonte Council convened Monday evening and in the absence of president John S. Walker Dr. Joseph Brockerhoff was called to the chair. Following the reading of the minutes by clerk W. T. Kelley the question arose as to what would be done with a bill for coal that was ordered by Chairman James Seibert, of the Water Committee, last April from the Fuel and Supply Co., amounting to $46.96. Mr. Seibert claimed that Council should pay the bill and afterwards collect the same from the State-Centre Electric Company who at that time was under contract to pump the water for the town. Something had gone wrong with the State-Centre's machinery and, seeing the town would be without water unless something was done, Mr. Seibert claims he ordered the coal with the understanding that it would be paid by the electric light company. The bill was ordered paid and the electric light company charged with the same.

Hard Harris, chairman of the Street Committee, reported making general repairs to streets and that Daniel Snyder, living on north Allegheny street, wanted something done to keep the water from washing under his pavement. The repairs will be made. Dr. Brockerhoff then stated that he thought that it would be a mistake to tear up the crossing on west Bishop street that crosses from George Sunday's tailoring shop to the Ammerman home. This crossing is one of the landmarks of the town and is used by the people in general in that section of the town. To take it up, as was ordered last meeting night, would mean a great inconvenience to the people who patronize the business places in that section of the town. There would certainly be an uprising should an attempt be made to take it up. After a thorough discussion of the subject it was decided to let the crossing remain this winter but when the street is made like High street, so the people can cross anywhere, it will be taken up. James Seibert, chairman of the Water Committee, reported the repairing of leaks in the water pipes at the Thomas property, on north Thomas street, and one on east Lamb street at the home of Charles L. Gates. The Board of Trade, through W. T. Kelley, its secretary, asked that the borough extend a three inch water pipe from the home of the Misses Lambert, on south Pine street, to the borough line which would be about 800 feet. The Board of Trade was anxious to have this done because it had an option on enough of pipe, at 50 cents a foot, to extend the pipe from the borough line to the Titan Metal Company's new operation. It was decided to extend the line as far as the borough line. Mr. Kelley who is building the garage on the corner of Allegheny and Bishop street, asked to have the water taken across the street to his building. His request was granted.

Harry Flack, chairman of the Fire and Police committee, objected to the extra police on the street on Saturday nights. He said that the Council had gone to the expense of securing dummy policemen and he didn't see any use in placing live ones where the others were meant to do the work. The matter was left in the hands of the committee to act. It was voted to accept the proposition from the Bellefonte Heat & Light Co., of $37.00 a month to heat the public building on Howard Street. The American Lime & Stone Co., was given the privilege of tapping the water main going to Coleville with a half inch pipe, the water to be used for the boiler on the dinky. A water tank will be erected and the pipe will be used to keep it filled. W. A. Lyon, of the Finance Committee, reported that on the 1st of October there was a balance in bank of $1157.14. The bills ordered paid amounted to $575.55.

### Special Meeting of Moose.

Tuesday evening, October 9th, there will be an open meeting of the Bellefonte Lodge of The Loyal Order of Moose in their rooms on the third floor of the McClain block, opposite the Bush House. The main speakers of the evening will be Col. R. S. Tucker, director, and E. B. Clark, Deputy Director, who will speak of the true fraternal spirit that is shown among the Moose everywhere. Other addresses will be made by local speakers. The men of Bellefonte and the country districts are very cordially invited to be present. The initiation fee is now $5, but after December 31st the fee will be $10. Col. Tucker will be in Bellefonte for a couple of months working in the interest of the order and will be glad to give any information desired.

"Send him a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

## AWARDED $570 DAMAGE FOR RAILROAD ACCIDENT

### Reuben T. Comly, of Union Twp., Wins Verdict from Jury.

### LOST VALUABLE HORSES

**Asked $750 for Losses also Allowance for Personal Injuries Incurred When His Team was Struck by Central Railroad Train.**

A jury in the damage case of Reuben T. Comly, of Union Township, against the Central Railroad Co. of Penna., on Tuesday rendered a verdict awarding him $570. Some months ago Mr. Comly was driving a two-horse team across the Central Railroad track, just below Bellefonte, when he was struck by the train. One horse was injured so badly that it had to be killed. The other was also injured. The wagon was demolished considerably, and the harness was torn. Mr. Comly suffered greatly from pain and shock and has since been unable to attend to his regular farm duties.

The damage claim totaled up something like $750, not including such amount as might be allowed Mr. Comly for his sufferings from pain and shock. Counsel for the defense argued against submitting the case to the jury, which move met with opposition upon the part of Mr. Comly's attorneys. For the defense it was contended that the railroad employes had sounded the customary warning signals while approaching the crossing where the accident occurred. Mr. Comly testified that he had heard no such signals. Judge Quigley finally concluded to have the case go to the jury, explaining the Court would control the verdict should it not be in harmony with the preponderance of the evidence.

### P. R. R. Mail Changes.

On October 15th there will be a change in the mail service on the Lewisburg and Tyrone branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Instead of a mail clerk being on the early morning train that leaves here at 6 o'clock for Sunbury there will be only a closed pouch. Robert Sechler, the present mail clerk on the train, will be transferred to the afternoon train that leaves Bellefonte at 1.35 o'clock. This perhaps will necessitate Mr. Sechler moving to Sunbury, although there is nothing definite about this part of the change. George Young, the mail clerk on the afternoon train, will be given some other route. This is done to curtail the expense of the government at this time. After the war the clerk on the morning train may be reinstated.

### Hoy's School House Destroyed.

Monday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, what is known as the Hoy school house, in Benner Twp, was totally destroyed by fire. It was located on the hill north of the residence of John Francies, warden of the Western Penitentiary. It was a two story building and the pipe ran to the attic and then to the chimney. It was chilly that morning and quite a hot fire was made in the stove and the theory is that the pipe became so hot that it set fire to the attic floor. It is located in an isolated place and before the neighbors could get there the building was in flames. A number of desks and benches on the lower floor were saved which were moved to the old toll-gate house, at the foot of the hill, where school is now being held. The teacher is Candys Leathers.

### Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

| | |
|---|---|
| Andy J. Kackik, | Clarence |
| Ella Debrasky, | " |
| Clarence P. Brogden, | Altoona |
| Isabel C. Jones, | " |
| James R. Condo, | Penn Hall |
| Marian R. Finkle, | Spring Mills |
| Wm. C. Shawley, | Milesburg |
| Trixie A. Confer, | Yarnell |
| Harold M. Aurand, | Altoona |
| May E. Bennett, | " |
| Raymond J. Bryan, | Tyrone |
| Bessie M. Wyland, | Howard |

### Culver—Wood.

Raymond B. Culver and Miss Annabelle Wood were united in marriage at McVinville, Oregon, on September 25th. The groom will be remembered as the chorister who led the singing at Dr. Orr's revival meetings held in Bellefonte three years ago. He is a fine young man and while here made a large acquaintance. The bride is said to be one of the charming young ladies of the west and in every way fitted to become the wife of a young man whose aim and object in life is to do good.

## ENROUTE TO GEORGIA.

### Troop L Enjoyed Delightful Trip to Camp Hancock.

**By J. Homer Decker.**

Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.—Before leaving Bellefonte I promised to drop you a line from time to time after arriving in camp, so will try to give you the most interesting details of our trip South as well as those after our arrival here.

After leaving Bellefonte we moved slowly on to Lock Haven where we were joined by Troop K and were greeted with a mixture of cheers and tears as our train pulled into the station. We lay in Lock Haven for probably thirty minutes while the friends, sweethearts, and relatives of the Lock Haven boys bade them a last farewell.

From Lock Haven we moved on to Williamsport where we were met by a score or more of the town's "fairest" who handed us cigarettes and cigars, and you may imagine how gratefully they were received. After probably fifteen or twenty minutes lay over in Williamsport we again moved on to Northumberland where we were joined by the First Pennsylvania Cavalry Band and Troop I.

From Northumberland we proceeded to Sunbury for a change of engines and from there went direct to Harrisburg. Upon our arrival at Harrisburg our train was run down into the lower Harrisburg yards where a train of Pullman sleepers was waiting. As this was the first time the boys had been out of the train they were glad to walk up and down the tracks to stretch their legs. Our train was stopped directly under one of the overhead bridges which was soon crowded with spectators who cheered us the entire time we laid there. Among the crowd on the bridge were a great many girls who wrote their addresses on cards, paper or anything they had at hand and threw them down to the boys. Some of the girls made a trip across the bridge and returned with cord which they left down over the side of the bridge upon which to tie the cards and slips tied to them by the boys.

Directly after leaving Harrisburg in our train of Pullmans, the lunch boxes which were kindly and bountifully packed by the ladies of Bellefonte were handed to us, and many were the expressions of surprise and appreciation uttered by us when someone opened a box and found therein some dainty of which he was especially fond. I heard several expressions of "isn't that some chicken?" Without the authority of the Troop I take it upon myself to thank every lady who was kind enough to pack a box, and I am sure that every last man in the Troop would voice his thanks in more flowery terms than I am able to do here.

After our lunches were disposed of, the boys resumed their pastimes, such as cards, jokes, etc., but by the time Baltimore was reached the majority were in bed. We passed through Washington just at midnight, and were very sorry that we were unable to see the city by daylight.

When we again awoke, we were on the outskirts of Richmond, Va., but, unfortunately they were the southern outskirts; we having been run around the city.

Our next stop was at Rocky Mt., N. C., where we exercised and fed our horses, which, by the way, was the first time we had seen them after they were loaded on the cars. They were all in good shape however and after an hour's rest in the stock yards they were again loaded onto the cars. At this stop the entire train of three troops and the band paraded through the city for exercise and were grateful to receive the order "fall out" in the business center of the town. As soon as the order to fall out was received, there was a great rush for drug stores, confectionery stands, etc, for sodas, postal cards, etc.

We were given another half hour in which to move about the city, but most of the boys returned to the train where the lunch boxes were again assaulted with disastrous results.

After the cars containing the horses, forage, etc., were shifted out of the stock yards and coupled to our train, we again moved on South.

At just seven thirty in the evening we pulled into the station at Florence, S. C. where we left the train and paraded through the town for more exercise and postal cards. After about an hour in Florence, we again entrained, went to bed and when we were awakened at five o'clock the next morning we were passing through the town, or city, I should say, of Augusta, Ga. We continued through the town and about four miles out we pulled onto a siding in Camp Hancock where there was a train of motor trucks awaiting our arrival. We at once left the train and details were picked for the unloading which had to be done at once in order to make room for the arrival of more troops. Every man in the outfit, I believed worked as hard as ever he worked in his life that morning. Our paraphernalia was taken to our section where we at once started to make a home for ourselves. Tents were soon pitched, and the place began to look like a real camp. The rest of the day was spent in getting things unpacked and in their proper places.

As it was Thursday when we arrived here, we were given the rest of the week to get our camp in shape. On Monday, however, the real work for which we are here started. We were taken out to the drill field where we drilled four hours in the morning and the same amount in the afternoon. Since then we have been doing it every day, and I can see the greatest difference in the majority of the boys already, as they have lost the pallor which they brought with them and are beginning to take on a good coat of Southern tan.

I might state at this time that word was received by a member of our Troop that the report was rife in Bellefonte that fifteen of our boys and ten of the Boalsburg boys had been killed, but I wish to say that up to this time we, as well as the Boalsburg boys, are all here and with the exception of a few colds, are all well.

The climate here is pretty nearly all that could be desired for our purpose, as it is rather warm (generally around 80 degrees) during the day, but in the evening the temperature drops to about 65 degrees, making it very pleasant and just right for sleeping purposes. Our camp was erected right in the middle of a large cotton plantation, and you should have seen the rush to gather the growing cotton plants to mail to the folks back home.

There are 30,000 men in training here and the camp is a large city in itself, and would certainly be interesting could it be viewed from an airship, which we, of course, do not have.

Well I guess this is about all that will interest you at this time, except that when the mail arrives there is one grand rush to see who are the fortunate ones, and the people of Bellefonte who have friends and relatives in the Troop have been sending us their share of mail, and it is to be hoped that it will continue and even improve, for you know the postman is one of the best friends of the soldier.

### World's Series Dates.

First game at Chicago, Saturday, October 6.

Second game at Chicago, Sunday, October 7.

Third game at New York, Tuesday, October 9.

Fourth game at New York, Wednesday, October 10.

Fifth game at Chicago, Friday, October 12.

Sixth game at New York, Monday, October 15.

As usual, in case of rain, the teams will remain in the cities indicated until the game is played. In that case the above schedule will be changed to meet conditions.

Umpires—American League, O'Loughlin and Evans. National League, Klem and Rigler.

Price of admission—At New York; boxes $25; upper grandstand $3; lower grandstand, open $2; pavilion $1; bleachers 50c.

At Chicago—Box seats $5; lower grand stands, reserved $1.50; pavilion $1.

Tickets must be purchased as usual for three games.

One per cent of the National Commission's revenue of the series will go to the Bat and Ball Fund for soldiers in France.

The world's series players will be instructed to play an exhibition game at either Rockford, Ill., if the series finishes in the West, or at Camp Mills, Mineola, L. I., in case it finishes in the East in order to give the soldiers a chance to see the teams play.

### Gen Stewart Was Worth $50,000.

Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart died possessed of an estate valued at "$50,000 and upward" according to the statement filed by his executors. His will provides that his sisters, Margaret Emma Stewart and Mrs. Mary J. Vadakin, receive $5,000 each; his brother, William H. Stewart, $2,500, and his stepdaughter, Mrs. Sharpless Bailey, of Philadelphia, $5,000. His sisters are also given the income of $20,000 each; his brother William is to get the income of $15,000, and another brother, James, the income of $10,000.

As each die their portion is to be shared by the survivors. When all are dead, the principal is to go to the Grand Lodge of Masons of Pennsylvania for the erecting at the Masonic home at Elizabethtown, Pa., of two or more cottages as the committee may determine.

Zook Post No. 11, G. A. R., of Norristown, is bequeathed $500 to be used for extending relief to members.

### What is a Bachelor?

It took a High School pupil to answer this question in the following truthful manner: "A bachelor is a person who enjoys everything and pays for nothing; a married man is one that pays for everything and enjoys nothing. The one drives a sulky through life and is not expected to take care of any one but himself; the other keeps a carriage which is always too full to afford him a comfortable seat. Be cautious how you exchange your sulky for a carriage."

### President Had Good Reasons.

President Wilson is not wholly without friends in Germany. A dispatch from Berlin quoted Dr. Durnberg, editor of the Tageblatt, as saying the president of the United States had good reasons for declaring a state of war long before he did. Germany, he said, is guilty of diplomatic acts of a provocative nature before the submarine warfare.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For burns, scalds, cuts and emergencies. All druggists sell it. 30c and 60c.

### What the Boss Requires.

Up in Canada there is a successful business concern that expects, as most successful concerns do, that every employe shall do his full duty. To assist him in the task that concerns places conspicuously before him these "Ten Demandments."

1. Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that is the wrong end.

2. Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short; and a short day's work makes my face long.

3. Give me more than I expect, and I will give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

4. You owe so much to yourself you can not afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt, or keep out of my shop.

5. Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, never see temptation when they meet it.

6. Mind your own business, and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

7. Don't do anything here which hurts your self respect. An employe who is willing to steal for me is willing to steal from me.

8. It is none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

9. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but one for my dollars.

10. Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

The young man in business—and no few of the old men as well—can get a good profit from close perusal of these demands of the Canadian firm. A quiet self examination of himself will develop in his own mind whether he is giving his employer all that employer has a right to expect. And it is a good deal easier for needed reprimands to be self-administered than to come from the "boss."

### "Why I Buy at Home."

The following, printed in plain type on a card, hangs in the stores of Duluth hardware dealers who are members of the local association:

Because this is the place where I make money and this is the place to spend it.

Because my interests are here.

Because I believe in transacting business with friends.

Because the community that is good enough for me to live in is good enough to buy in.

Because I want to see the goods.

Because I want to get what I pay for.

Because every dollar spent at home stays at home and works for the development of the city.

Because the man I buy from stands back of the goods.

Because I sell what I produce here at home.

Because the man I buy from pays his part of the city and county taxes.

Because the man I buy from helps support my school, my church, my lodge and my home.

### Arbor Day, October 22.

Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, state superintendent of education, wants the school children of Pennsylvania to pay particular attention to the fall Arbor day, which comes on Friday, October 22. He urges them to plant trees wherever possible. It is not beyond the range of possibility that Highway Commissioner J. Denny O'Neil may issue a proclamation asking Pennsylvania generally to plant trees along the state 93,000 miles of highway—or at least along the 10,200 miles comprising the main road system.

### Centre County Loyal.

In a letter to exemption Boards all over the state of Pennsylvania Governor Martin Brumbaugh has made the facts known that the National government has offered $50 for the rounding up of all slackers, or the persons who do not report for military service. It is highly creditable to Centre county that up until this time the officers of the law have not been required to get busy along this line. Bellefonte and old Centre county have always been loyal to the flag.

### Admitted To Hospital.

Mrs. Frank K. Lukenbach, of Tyrone, formerly of Bellefonte, was admitted a few days ago to a Cleveland hospital for treatment. She was accompanied there by Dr. John B. Nason, of Roaring Springs. Her many friends here will hope for her speedy recovery. She is a sister of merchant John Bullock, and was born and raised in Bellefonte. Mrs. Lukenbach has been ill for a couple of years and everything is being done to restore her health.

### Prediction of World's War.

Predictions that Germany would wage a war for world conquest in about 15 years was made to the late Admiral Dewey at Manila in 1898 by Captain von Goetz, of the German imperial navy, Senator Lewis on Friday told the senate.

Feel languid, weak run down? Headache? Stomach "off?" A good remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your druggist. Price $1.00

## THE RIFLE BARREL.

### Making It Perfectly Straight Is a Delicate Operation.

Following the reaming operation in rifle manufacture, which leaves the bore of the barrel smooth and polished, comes one of the most delicate and exacting operations in gunmaking, that of straightening the interior of the barrel. In straightening a barrel everything depends on the skill and experience of the operator, for, although machines have been devised to perform this difficult work, they still require skilled men to operate them, and they cannot turn out as much work as is done by hand by the old method that has been practiced for years and which can only be acquired by long experience.

The straightening block has a heavy base, on which are fixed two hardened bars of steel set a short distance apart and at an angle with one another. A north window is necessary, where a steady, unobstructed light is had, and the upper half of this window usually has a large pane of fine ground glass. Across this glass at about the middle is fixed a straightedge of wood. The operator places a barrel on a rest and looks through it at the straightedge on the window, observing the shadow cast by the edge on the polished interior of the bore.

This shadow extends about halfway down the bore, and if the latter is perfectly straight the shadow shows two straight dark lines, one on either side of the bore and slightly below its center. If, however, there is a crook in the bore the lines of the shadow diverge from a straight line and zigzag in various directions as the operator revolves the barrel by hand. This indicates that there are crooks in the barrel. To correctly observe these delicate indications requires unusually perfect sight, and to locate the point and nature of the crook is a matter of long experience and judgment.

When the operator has located a crook he lays the barrel across the bars of his straightening block with the high point of the curve uppermost and strikes it with a heavy hammer made of copper or babbit metal, and great judgment is necessary to know just how hard to strike to remove the crook. This process of observation and straightening is repeated until the two shadow lines are perfectly true for one-half of the length of the barrel and then is repeated for the other half, observations being taken from the opposite end.

Another method of straightening sometimes practiced is by placing in the muzzle of the gun a lens covered with cement, in which a circle is scratched. On looking through the barrel with a suitable light a series of rings appears in the bore, and the slightest lack of concentricity of these rings indicates a defect. This is said to be an extremely delicate test.—Scientific American.

### Won by His Cool Head.

"One day," says a writer in Munsey's Magazine, "when H. P. Davidson of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., was a teller in the Astor Place bank, a crank presented a draft for $1,000 and young Davidson looked up to see a pistol pointed at him. He smiled and commenced to read the face of the draft:

"'Astor Place bank—Pay to the order of Almighty God the sum of $1,000 when presented by Charles Freeman.'

"Do you want it in dimes?" asked Davidson in a very loud voice and began to count the money. Then the bank's policeman, whose attention had been called to the situation by the teller's loud utterance, seized the half crazy man from behind. The teller's level headedness and nerve saved his life, doubtless.

### How Parchment Got Its Name.

The Greeks of Pergamus are said to have first prepared parchment from the skins of the goat or sheep. They were curried, deprived of all fat, thinned uniformly by the knife, dyed or whitened and finally rubbed down with pumice stone to a smooth and even surface. Called pergamenum from the city of its origin, the new material became parchemin in archaic French and parchment in the English tongue.

### Mind Reading.

"What subjects are best adapted for beginners' practice in mind reading?" asks the inquisitive subscriber of Wharton. That sort of thing is Sanskrit to us, but if you hear a girl ask her beau why he doesn't save his money by investing it in a bungalow you might see if you can make out what she is thinking of.—Houston Post.

### Optimistic.

"Would you consider Jasserby an optimist?"

"I'm sure he's one."

"Quite positive, eh?"

"Yes. I've seen him follow a golf crank to the links, hoping he would get a chance to talk business with him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Teamwork.

Willkins—Jones' stammering doesn't bother him when talking to his wife. Bilkins—How so? Willkins—Well, when she stops for breath he says a word, and by the time she's out of breath again he's ready to say another word.—New York Globe.

### Mean.

"He has brain fever."

"That so? Just proves again the statement of scientists that disease germs always strike a man in his weakest spot."—Detroit Free Press.

### Skeptical.

"What is a skeptic?"

"A man who always puts paste on the back of a postage stamp."—Puck.

Who keeps one end in view makes all things sure.—Browning.


## DO IT NOW

### Bellefonte People Should Not Wait Until It Is Too Late.

The appalling death-rate from kidney disease is due largely to the fact that the kidney troubles are usually neglected until they become serious. The slight symptoms often give place to chronic disorders and the sufferer may slip gradually into some serious form of kidney complaint.

If you suffer from backache, headaches, dizzy spells; if there are signs of bladder weakness, don't delay. Help the kidneys at once.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney disorders—they act where others fail. Over one hundred thousand people have recommended them. Here's a case at home:

Mrs. S. S. Leitzell, 118 E. Beaver St., Bellefonte, says: "I was troubled by backache in a severe form and I was nervous and run down. Dizzy spells were common. The kidney secretions caused me annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up right good and whenever I have felt a return of the trouble, I have at once bought a box of Doan's at Parrish's Drug Store and they have prevented the attack from becoming serious. Doan's Kidney Pills are worthy of praise."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mrs. Leitzell. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs. Buffalo, N. Y.


### Large Catches of Fish.

Commissioner of Fisheries, Hon. N. R. Buller, recently returned to Harrisburg after spending some time on a tour of inspection of the fish hatcheries in the Northwestern part of the State, also the fisheries on the shores of Lake Erie.

The Commissioner reports that the summer catches have been very good, and indications point to a good production for the year as a whole. The early spring fishing, however, was a disappointment.

The catch of fish entering the Port of Erie for the week ending August 4th was approximately 121,000 pounds of cisco, 13,000 pounds of yellow perch, and 6,000 pounds of burbot.

For the week ending August 11th—approximately 202,000 pounds of cisco, and 4,000 pounds of burbot.

For the week ending August 18th—approximately 240,000 pounds of cisco, and 8,000 pounds of burbot.

For the week ending August 25th—approximately 532,000 pounds of cisco, and 20,000 pounds of burbot.

For the week ending September 1st—approximately 516,000 pounds of cisco, and 20,000 pounds of barbot.

The fishermen report that owing to the very unsatisfactory express and freight service the demand from the smaller interior towns has been very light. The shippers are utilizing extra sized packages to enable them to use an extra quantity of ice on the fish so they reach their destination in good condition.

The State hatcheries are all busily engaged in the distribution of yearling fish for stocking purposes. The Department of Fisheries is also handicapped in its work of distribution on account of the congested state of affairs on the railroads.

### Loved U. S. Best.

How her love of country was greater than her love for her husband was told Friday by Mme. Louis Petchinkoff at her arrival at an Atlantic port.

Mme. Petchinkoff, who is a native of Chicago, married Prof. Louis Petchinkoff. In 1913 they moved to Germany, her husband becoming an instructor in a Munich college. The Petchinkoffs automatically became Bavarian citizens. When the war came, Mme. Petchinkoff feared the entrance of the United States into the conflict. When congress declared war, she obtained a divorce from her husband although she loved him dearly.

### County News.

The 50 acres of farm land near Aaronsburg, belonging to the estate of Lewis Mensch, deceased, has been purchased by James S. Weaver, of Aaronsburg, at $110 per acre.

Fred D. Stover, of Aaronsburg, has sold his Woodward-Coburn mail route to A. M. Yearick, of Woodward, who took charge of the route on Monday. Mr. Yearick is not new in the business, having carried the mail on this route some years ago.

David Kessler, of Millheim, who was mustered into the quartermaster corps in July after taking a special course at State College in storeskeeping, departed last week for Rockford, Ill., having received his orders to report at the U. S. arsenal there.

Milton E. Stover recently purchased the Kerstetter farm, situated along the Millheim-Coburn turnpike, from J. W. Kerstetter, his father-in-law. Mr. Stover will occupy the farm in the spring, and Charles Arney, of Haines township, will occupy the farm to be vacated by Mr. Stover.

Ralph E. Kerstetter, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kerstetter, of Coburn, is now in training for military service for Uncle Sam at Camp Meade, Md. He was employed by the P. R. R. Co. as a telegraph operator and was stationed at Halifax, this state. He filed no exemption claims when he was examined and passed by the Dauphin county board.

### A Large Blast.

Saturday A. G. Morris, Charles Morris and Andrew McNitt, of Bellefonte, were up at Pemberton, Blair county, at one of the operations of the American Lime & Stone Co. where they witnessed the putting off of a large blast in the quarries at that place. Quite a number of holes were drilled to the dept of 160 feet. In these was placed 23000 pounds of dynamite at a cost of $5000. It was a regular earthquake when the electric spark touched the explosives. The operations are along the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad and all trains were stopped for a few minutes in order to keep them from being hit by flying stones. However, the air was not filled with fragments, as expected, but the whole mass was simply moved so that the stone can be removed with ease. About every year the same thing takes place at these quarries and it is an interesting thing to see.

### Back to Rockview For Another Year.

Dash Jury, a familiar figure in criminal circles in Blair county and who last July finished a term of one year in the Rockview penitentiary, was given another year on the charge of larceny by Judge Thomas J. Baldrige, at court at Hollidaysburg Friday morning. Jury submitted and asked the court for mercy. The man got into trouble the last time by stealing a motorcycle, two rolls of tar paper and some other articles. Dash claimed he was under the influence of liquor at the time of the theft. He pleaded earnestly with the court to give him another chance, but Judge Baldridge intimated that he was not satisfied that Jury would make his word good, and so imposed the above sentence.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.


CHICHESTER S PILLS

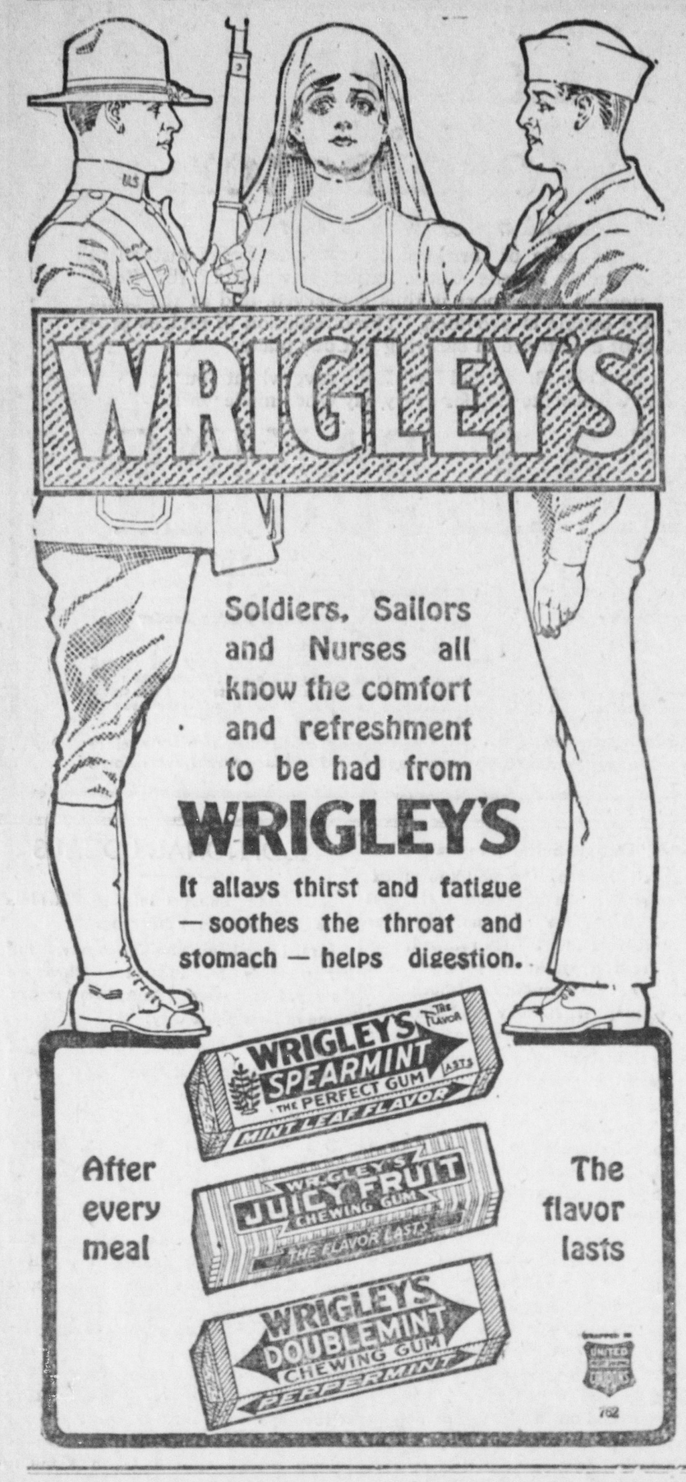
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

DOLLARS SAVED
On all Guaranteed Make Tires
Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.
Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co
206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.


WRIGLEY'S
Soldiers, Sailors and Nurses all know the comfort and refreshment to be had from
WRIGLEY'S
It allays thirst and fatigue — soothes the throat and stomach — helps digestion.
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM LASTS MINT LEAF FLAVOR
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT
After every meal
The flavor lasts
762

## BANKS AND BANKNOTES.

**England's First Paper Money Was Issued by the Goldsmiths.**

With the almost entire use of paper currency at the present time the history of its origin may not be uninteresting. In the days of the Stuarts merchants used to lodge their reserves of gold in the Tower, and when one day Charles I., in a thoughtless moment, annexed a large sum lodged in that way and forgot to put it back the merchants decided that henceforth they would put no more trust in princes, but would look to the goldsmiths.

The goldsmiths thereby became the first bankers, and the first goldsmith who hit upon the novel idea of giving a note, not only to the person who deposited gold, but also to the person who came to borrow, founded modern banking with an original deposit of £5,000.

The banker gave promise to pay up to, say, £25,000, and as long as there was no immediate demand on the part of the persons holding these promises to pay to have that promise converted into cash business proceeded merrily, but necessarily there was a limit beyond which it was not safe to do this kind of business, and it was always possible that something unforeseen might happen that would bring an unusual number of notes for presentation.

As a matter of fact, this did happen frequently in the early days, and finally the government stepped in and granted the almost entire monopoly of issuing notes to the Bank of England.—London Standard.

## ESKIMO ICE CREAM.

**It's a Fine Dish, No Doubt, but Your Guests Might Not Like It.**

The main food of the Alaskan Indian is meat and fish. In the winter many people do not cook the fish at all; simply leave them in the house for two or three days and then eat them raw. Women always serve the food and always see that others are satisfied before beginning their own meal. They have to be very careful not to spill anything, for that would bring bad luck to the one whom they are serving.

When a person is invited to eat in the village it is considered bad manners to eat all that is before him. He must leave enough to take home to the members of the family who did not come. The host generally gives his guest a piece of dried fish to hold the food which he is to take home. The fish is broad and flat, about one-half inch thick, and the bundle is carried away openly without any attempt at hiding it. In the summer berries, fruit and roots are added to the diet, and berries are frozen in the fall to last through the winter.

Since white people came flour and canned goods have changed the food very much. It is easy to have ice cream for dessert any time. There is no cream about it, but tallow and berries are mixed with snow, sometimes fish is added to it, and when it is frozen it makes a fine dish.—Southern Workman.

## MYSTIFYING MILLIONS.

**Puzzling at First, but It Was Really a Very Simple Matter.**

A number of years ago, when the names of subscribers to the then recently issued 3 per cent bonds were being sent in to Washington, one subscription was received from Oregon, which the authorities supposed to be signed with an assumed name, Ten Million. A curt note was sent to the address given, stating that bonds could be registered in real names only.

A prompt reply came from Mr. Million, written upon paper bearing the letterhead of the firm of Million & Million. He explained that he was born a Million and was the tenth and youngest child of the family. His father and mother, never being able to agree upon Christian names that suited the taste of both, had allowed their children to be designated by numbers, which with the passage of time had become their only rightful and legal names. His brother, Mr. Seven, was his partner in business.

Some of the brothers and sisters, as they grew up, had modified the too arithmetical simplicity of their names a little. He himself was commonly known as Tenis instead of Ten, and his sisters, the Misses One and Three, had become, certainly to advantage, Una and Trio. But the law took no cognizance of such belated improvements. Ten Million was still his only legal signature.

The explanation was ample and sufficient, and the bonds for which he had subscribed were duly registered in his rightful name, but the government clerk who recorded the transaction read his record over several times and breathed a sigh of relief when he was quite sure he had it unmistakably correct. Because, if Mr. Ten Million had been accidentally added up or the bond for Ten Million mistaken for a bond for ten million—

—Youth's Companion.

**Room at the Top.**

Little Jennie had been eating very heartily, but she asked for another piece of cake.

"Jennie," said her mother, "I don't believe I ought to give it to you. You are about as full as a little girl can possibly be. Another mouthful and you'll surely burst."

"But, mamma, my neck's left yet!" said the little girl persuasively.—Exchange.

**Beat Him to It.**

"Did you tell your boss that you'd simply have to have a raise? Did you tell him that you were wearing last year's clothes?"

"No; he forestalled me with a long wail about the horrors of having to use a last season's car."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Incurably Ill.**

"So you say you no longer sleep of nights? Why don't you consult a doctor?"

"It would do no good. It's not insomnia that keeps me awake; it's the baby."—Baltimore American.

# Her Patriotism

### It Showed Itself Strongly In Wartime

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Jack Williams picked up the morning paper, and again his heavy eyes followed the printed list of those named to answer their country's call. Yes, there it was undoubtedly, the black letters seeming to threaten him, "John Williams, Elm avenue."

There was no defect in either years or physical fitness to excuse him from duty. He had been chosen to serve his country, yet every fiber of his being revolted. Not that John Williams was a coward. Courageously he might face the fighting line of battle, but to leave his little invalid sister helpless and alone—that was a task which seemed an impossibility.

Years before she had been left to his care, when the automobile carrying the child and her parents had met with an accident, leaving her orphaned as well as disabled. There had been some injury to the spine—just what the doctors could not determine. As the years passed Lillias had in a degree outgrown her serious trouble, but the shock of the accident had left her in a state of almost hysterical dependence, and "no one could do anything for her but Jack." At least that is what various women said who had been called for occasional attendance during his absences. With the assurance of her brother's presence the wraithlike girl could go about her slight household duties, waiting like some patient, soft eyed spaniel at evening for his return, and it had taken all his efforts to keep the modest home throughout his course of study.

Jack had avoided the distraction of love by devoting himself unswervingly to his sister. So now this was the crisis he faced as the letters of his own name twinkled back from the printed page. He must tell Lillias of the coming separation.

"Lillias," he said desperately, "I'll have to be away tonight. Do you think Mrs. Holmes would come in to stay with you?" It had occurred to him suddenly that away from the distracting appeal of her eyes he might come to some solution of the problem.

The eyes now widened in the apprehension his absence always caused. "Oh," fretted the girl, "must you go?"

He had gone. The destination did not much matter, so he boarded a suburban trolley and went flying along through the glories of summer time in the country. A small station at the foot of a steep hill attracted his attention, Jack Williams left the car to follow a broad tree bordered road. It was a very sleepy village. The road wandered, fragrant with the breath of clover, through a straggling business street, then on again past the white steepled church into dusty silence. Houses widely scattered at last seemed to cease altogether, and Jack had decided to sink back upon the grass and think things over when a garden wall loomed up before him. He had not noticed it at the turn. It was a cool looking old stone wall, with vines clambering over its sides and directly before him was a door. The door being slightly ajar, Jack stared inside, then followed his own inquiring stare. The place seemed to have been unattended, uninhabited for a hundred years. Tangled bushes caught at one's clothing, growing things spread themselves half over the traced out pathways, an old sundial was crumbling unheeded in company with a stone Cupid aiming his arrow. How had this estate of long past grandeur been so utterly deserted? Back in the distance loomed a great weatherbeaten house. Jack passed the imposing doorway, vines growing impudently across its very openings, and for a moment the thought came to him, a thought as hysterical as any Lillias might entertain, that here would be a place for a man to hide, a man who was forced away from his own. Then rounding the silent old house, he came suddenly upon a picture, which, after the first start of surprise, held him in breathless silence. Upon an old stone bench heaped with cushions lay sleeping as beautiful a maid as a certain sleeping princess in an enchanted garden of long ago.

At the first bewildered glance Jack might have supposed the girl to be dead, for all above her white gown were flowers and bundles of flowers, great bunches of scarlet and white geraniums, with centers of bachelor blue. It was a remarkable tableau. Across the girl's breast was pinned a small satin American flag. The soft wind rumpled the waves of her dark hair. The crimson of her cheeks and lips belied any first notion of death. Near by lay the waters of an old, silent fountain.

Perplexed, entranced, Jack stood motionless; then, like a certain princess of old, the girl's eyes trembled into wide awakeness, and she looked up at him. Hers was not a dreamy gaze, however, for she sat up immediately and asked briskly: "What is it? What do you want?"

It was rather difficult to explain the aimlessness of his unintentional visit, but Jack managed to do so.

"You see," he added, "I wanted a quiet place to think things over, and the garden looked so quiet."

"It is," the girl answered emphatically. She laughed. "I'm afraid if I had realized just how quiet I should never have taken up my residence here alone."

"Alone!" Jack exclaimed.

"With one exception," she quickly responded and ran to open a door of the house. Released, a ferocious looking bulldog bore down upon him, to be instantly recalled by the girl's low spoken "It's all right, Bob."

"My body guard," she explained smilingly. "And if Bob had not been locked up for punishment you would not be in the garden this moment."

"Lucky for me," said Jack, "that he was locked up. Perhaps he'd like me to vacate now. Do you think"—his eyes met hers pleadingly—"that you could persuade him to let me stay just a little while? This place breathes peace to my troubled spirit."

"Troubled?" Her pretty brows went up inquiringly. "We like to help people in trouble, but"—

"You can," he added quickly, "if you will divert my mind by telling how you come to be here alone in this great deserted place, why red, white and blue flowers are heaped about you and why"—

The girl threw out her hands, while the dog grumblingly stretched himself at her feet. "One thing at a time," she protested. "As to the 'great deserted place,' it has been fought over so long by disputing heirs that it is mine now, being the last surviving relative, with no heirs left to dispute. And, being tired of aloneness in the city, I conceived the idea of trying it here in the country. We have no funds for menservants, maidservants or repairs, so Bob and I are doing very nicely by ourselves. We've made part of the house presentable and have started on this corner of the garden. As to the flowers, there is to be a patriotic meeting in the village hall tonight in honor of the brave boys who are leaving for war, and I am going fairly to border the platform in fragrant red, white and blue." She bent quickly to pick up a bundle of knitting, and her lovely bright eyes flashed at him over the needles.

"Oh, if I'd been a man!" she said. "If only I might have been a man, to be of some use to my country! I sit here and knit for the soldiers; I wind pounds and pounds of bandages; I tie red, white and blue flowers to show my patriotism. But what does it all amount to?" She put the knitting aside, with a sigh. "You," she asked almost anxiously—"you have been drafted?" The glow of her eyes seemed to have entered Jack Williams' soul. The thrilling voice seemed unaccountably to inspire him with her own passion of patriotism. He spoke huskily, and he was glad, strangely glad, through all his being that he could answer in the affirmative.

"Yes," he said; "I am going."

The girl jumped to her feet and held out her hand. As Jack's own closed over it he felt indefinably her sympathetic understanding. "Sometimes," she went on quietly, "it is hard to go—hard to leave those depending upon one behind. You have a mother?"

"No," Jack slowly replied. "This is the problem I brought out with me today." And then he told her all about it—told of Lillias and her hysterical reliance upon him, her weak, crooked little spine and the tiny city garden whose small province she feared to leave. The bees hummed drowsily in the old garden, and the girl arose once or twice to place, while still listening, her flowers in the fountain's basin. Then she came slowly and stood before him.

"I have thought it all out," she said at last, "and you must not believe me to be either hasty or unreasonable. The solution is so simple that it may amaze you at first by its very simplicity. I told you that I was lonely in this quiet garden. Yet I love it. Lillias must come here and live with me. She will not be afraid, for I shall understand her, and in the sweet, clear air and sunshine she shall grow well and strong, at last quite well, and we will both be happy. In the city I have many friends. Tomorrow you shall learn of me, and I shall learn all that I wish to know of you, and we will bring your sister back here together."

The red blood rushed to the man's face. His voiced trembled. "You—you do not realize," he said. "You are impulsively good. What right have I, a stranger, to accept this sacrificing offer?"

"Don't you see," cried the girl, her voice vibrant, "this is my privilege to serve my country. To make bandages—that is little—but to help to send a soldier—that is much!"

And a few days later as the setting sun cast its shadow over the old sundial three sat at tea in the ancient garden—a soldier in khaki, tall and good to look upon; a beautiful girl with an American flag upon her white gown and a wraith of a girl seated in an old easy chair. Beside the little table stretched a watchful bulldog.

"I've been thinking," said the beautiful girl, "of how triumphantly you will come back to us. Lillias and I shall welcome you at the garden door, and Lillias will be plump and merry."

The invalid smiled and turned aside to fasten a parting gift she was making, while the soldier bent over the beautiful girl.

"And I have been thinking," he said slowly, "how hard, how desperately hard, it must be for a soldier to leave the woman he loves." The girl raised her eyes to his.

"Hard too," she added softly, "for the woman who waits."

Jack Williams arose abruptly. His time was up.

"And you will wait—with Lillias?" he asked. There was tense earnestness in the question.

Long the two looked at each other. "Until you return," she answered, and they knew it was a promise.

Lillias, glancing over the heads of the two absorbed ones, smiled at the crumbling stone Cupid, still aiming his bow and arrow.

# Finding Her Job

By George Haskell

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Nothing doing," said Ann Hubbel. "I don't suppose there ever will be anything doing with me, except dishwashing and making over old clothes." Ann was a woman over thirty, not pretty, but healthy and wholesome, with clear gray eyes, a large mouth, too-high cheek bones and plenty of shining, light-brown hair. She looked capable and courageous, but little sad, disappointed lines were creeping into her face when she was not smiling. Ann had moments when she would have liked to throw all the dishes out of the window and take an ax to the sewing machine. Probably other women have had the same moments, but all of them have not kept on repressing this inclination for 15 years. Partially aroused by Ann's desperate tone, Mrs. Sweet stopped counting the stitches in her knitting and looked up in a surprised, bewildered way.

"There are lots of worse things than dish-washing," was the trite, oracular reply.

"Yes," assented Ann; "I suppose having no food to soil the dishes might be worse. It isn't because I want to shirk and be idle. It's because I want to do something else, something of more account."

Mrs. Sweet looked with a mixture of curiosity and intolerance at Ann and asked: "What do you want to do?"

"I'd like to paint, use beautiful colors—"

"My land!" broke in the other woman; "there ain't any money in that!"

"No," said Ann, "that's just it! And worse luck, it takes money to learn, before you can earn anything. Then, too, I've always wanted to plan beautiful rooms with beautiful furniture, and lovely colors in the walls and hangings."

Paused Before a Florist's Window.

"I wouldn't have those heavy curtains and 'porchers' in my house, just catching dust!" Mrs. Sweet broke in emphatically.

Ann ignored the interruption, being too full of her subject to halt there.

"I've got to look at the awful things in this house, and go on standing it, because I can't afford to buy anything else. I've got to make overalls and children's rompers because there's just enough in it to buy my food and shelter. Now, what's the use of spending your life doing something you hate, just to keep your life going?"

This question being so far beyond Mrs. Sweet's comprehension that an extra stitch was of vastly more importance, she gave all her attention to her knitting, and Ann, exploding her pent-up mental gases, went on:

"I tell you, I've got to the point where I'm sick of it all. Why can't I do something that will earn enough to pay people to do the things I hate to do?"

"Well, just as I say, there ain't any money in painting pictures," answered Mrs. Sweet, with the virtuous motive of putting any such frivolous intentions out of the other woman's head.

"Oh, there isn't any money in doing anything you want to do!" retorted Ann desperately.

"Oh, I don't know. There's old Finck, the blacksmith. He says he ain't happy unless he's hammering iron or putting on a horseshoe. And he told Joe his folks were set on his being a doctor, and he just broke away, and found his job."

After Mrs. Sweet went away her last words kept ringing in Ann's ears. "He just broke away and found his job." Unwittingly the woman had given her the text for a sermon she must preach to herself. It was perhaps more of a stimulant than much understanding sympathy might have been. Ann began her sermon to herself, and did not spare her congregation. If she wished to do something she liked, why not start out and try to make ever so small a beginning?

She went out walking through the streets of the small town, with no definite plans as to where or how she should begin. She prayed to be led, and thought that in some way some tangible thing might take shape if it were only a suggestion in her own mind. Loving flowers as she did, she paused before a florist's window. At once the bad arrangement, and the juxtaposition of hues that "fought" each other showed an entire absence of feeling for color. Scarlet geraniums pushed against American beauties, and gorgeous yellow vases tried to down the marigolds they held. It must be confessed with considerable success. Inharmony raged. Ann ached to get at that window, and arrange the flowers, but it was an exceedingly delicate undertaking to go in and tell the man he didn't know how to sell his wares. Nevertheless she screwed up her courage and entered.

"Do you want to sell a good many more flowers than you do now?" she asked.

Of course, there could be but one answer to that, and with some incredulity the florist agreed that he did.

"What you have in that window can be made to show twice as well," said Ann.

He grumbled out something about them being well enough as they were, but she persisted. She asked him to let her arrange the flowers. As she did not charge anything for the experiment, he grudgingly gave his consent. She found a brown jar in which the marigolds came out gloriously. The American beauty roses seemed twice as beautiful when their white sisters came over to set off their glowing color, and the scarlet geraniums flamed joyously as far away as possible against a background of green. Masses of violets hobnobbed cosily in company with the golden-yellow of crocuses, and harmony wrought wonders with the window. People began to gather about the display to look, and some came in to buy. Ann lingered around for a time to watch the effect. When she started to leave the florist asked her if she could not come the next day and set the window. She gave him to understand that she could only take the time if paid. He agreed to this. The sum was ridiculously small, but she felt it was a beginning.

Next she stopped before a drygoods store, and noted the jumble of articles, and the colors that never should have crowded each other. She ventured to go in and make the same proposition she had to the florist, with the same result, except that she was asked to come that evening after closing time to experiment.

The proprietor said they had been trying a new window-dresser, and he was not exactly pleased with his work. Ann achieved a result that drew admiring crowds to the window. Franklin Budd, the proprietor, beamed expansively when Ann appeared the next day, and engaged her as window-dresser at a salary quite beyond her expectations. Before the week was out she was dressing the windows of three different shops. Her ideas were new and original, and soon rival establishments were bidding for her services, and she could charge more for her work. The sewing machine had a rest, and a maid came in and washed the dishes. Franklin Budd, not wishing to lose Ann, asked her to come into partnership, but as he also wanted her to assume the name of Budd, Ann is still considering the offer. She is so much in love with her work, and the delight of having money to spend that she is in no hurry to change her occupation.

## DISCOVERED AN OLD VOLCANO

**Layer of Hard Lava, Still Warm, Found at Base of Ragang Mountains, Philippine Islands.**

The Philippine islands still are unexplored land to the white man. On a march some time ago, a lieutenant of the constabulary found a lava flow and other evidences of volcanic activity at the base of the Ragang mountains. Recently an exploring party climbed the mountains and now another volcano is being added to the maps.

The volcano which the party found consists of three large peaks, between which extends the crater, now quiet. A fourth peak is thought once to have stood at one corner of the crater, for there is evidence that a great explosion shattered it.

Vegetation in the form of huckleberry bushes, scrubby trees, small tufts of short grass and Canadian thistle extends to near the top of the peaks. Covering the peaks is a thin crust of hardened lava, which is easily kicked up by the shoe, and the rock underneath is soft, spongy and warm.

At innumerable vents an odorless steam was issuing. There was no bubbling lava or signs of a recent lava flow, although on one side there appeared to have been a recent blast of hot gases. The trees there were scorched and burned, while the leaves were still hanging to the dead branches.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

**Benefit to Business.**

The merchant who does the biggest business buys the most goods, and it is the man who buys the most goods who gets goods the cheapest. Here, again, advertising helps the public. The jobber or manufacturer, shipping in bigger quantities to the bigger buyer, receiving his money promptly and being at a smaller expense in various ways, is glad to sell for less to the business man who buys in big quantities.

Advertising men know, of course, that if advertising were not a public benefit the advertising store could not long survive, for nonadvertising stores would soon rise on the busy corners of our great cities and drive the great advertising stores out of business.

# THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 4, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH. - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

— Advertising Rates. —

One Column, 1 year.....$125
One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.


Good luck to the Centre County boys who go on Saturday next to Camp Meade.

The government has fixed the price of coal, and the price of coal has about fixed the average consumer.

This Mr. Garfield who has fixed the price of coal evidently burns wood. He lacks information as to coal.

A man's christianity isn't determined altogether by the regularity of his attendance at church on Sunday. There are six other days in the week. Saint Peter checks up on all seven days.

Wey is it that gasoline retails in New York, New Jersey and a number of other States at 22 to 24 cents the gallon while in Pennsylvania it is 27 and 28 cents? Now don't all answer at once.

Buy a Liberty Bond and thereby "do your bit" to the best of your ability to help lick the Kaiser. Street corner criticism of this or that feature of the new loan will never sink a German submarine.

If the government regulates prices in a way that will be of real benefit to the average man the said average man to whom the government will soon have to look will be in far better position to buy Liberty Bonds than he possibly can be the way prices are being juggled just now.

Things political in Philadelphia have become so rotten that on the day of the recent primary election a policeman was killed by gunmen imported from New York and Mayor Smith and others prominent in the Vare-Smith faction were arrested on the charge of murder. If all politics is eliminated from the investigation now under way there is a chance for cleaning up the city that would be welcomed by the decent citizens of the entire State.

The anthracite coal operators sure do have a "look in" with the price regulators at Washington. The promised reduction in prices to the consumer to become effective positively October 1st prove to be no reductions at all. Some time ago the government established a $2 rate at the mines for bituminous coal, effective immediately, but the man who buys today pays $6.50 just the same. Hard coal prices were boosted instead of being lowered. The American public seems to get bunkoed every time.

### Death of Luella Ross.

A sad death took place at the Bellefonte hospital Friday evening at 7 o'clock when Miss Luella Ross, of Boalsburg, passed from time into eternity following an operation for strangulation of the bowels. She was the daughter of James and Elizabeth Ross, of Boalsburg, and was born on a farm near Linden Hall. Her age was 36 years and 2 months. She became suddenly ill Monday and was hurried to the hospital with the hope of saving her life but the time had evidently come for her to cease from toil and labor and pass into that heavenly rest which is prepared for all those who do right. She was a member of the Reformed church and took a deep interest in all kinds of christian work. She is survived by her parents and two sisters: Mrs. Lillian Myer, Formersville, Va., and Mrs. Ada Harter, State College. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon from the house, Rev. S. C. Stover officiating.

### Death of Robert Walker.

Robert J. Walker, for many years a well known business man of Osceola, died at his home in that place on Sunday morning, aged about 75 years. His death was the result of yellow jaundice with which he had been ailing about ten days. The deceased came from Bloomsburg to Osceola many years ago and successfully conducted a planing mill business, in which he was engaged at the time of his death.

### Double Execution Date Fixed.

Wednesday Governor Brumbaugh fixed the week of November 12th for the double execution of Archie Milikin and James Anthony to take place at the death house at the Western Penitentiary near Bellefonte. They were convicted of murdering J. R. Beisser, a railroad policeman, at Wormleysburg.


For any itchiness of the skin rashes, chap, pimples, etc., try Doan's Ointment. 60c at all drug stores.


## Where the Ways Parted

By Mary Parrish

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Oh, these sleek, high-salaried clergymen of fashionable parishes in big cities!" exclaimed Ann Taylor. "Well, it's about the softest job I know of!"

The man sitting at her side on the beach eyed her with a mixture of amusement and opposition. He was about thirty, rather good-looking, and of the student type.

"Well, I don't know," he answered. "I know one who is busy every minute when he isn't taking a vacation."

"Oh, lots of people are busy without doing anything big from the time they are born till they die."

"Just what do you mean by doing something 'big?'" queried Speed. "You know there might be a good many different interpretations of that word."

"Yes," she answered with a grimly sarcastic smile. "And my interpretation might differ considerably from that of the fashionable clergyman. How can anyone do big things who doesn't take a big view of life? And how can one take a big view if he doesn't get out among humanity, and know it from the slum to the mansion? The fashionable clergyman knows humanity of the mansion—that is, he knows it on nice terms of social etiquette. Does he know any other phase of the great human mass?"

This time the man looked at her with more questioning than opposition.

"There may be some truth in that," he admitted.

"Some of these men are very much in earnest. They write sermons that show thought, scholarship and a high desire to help humanity. Doubtless they do some good. But when they get that far, I'm always wishing some heavy jolt would strike them and drive them out of the soft, luxurious round of writing beautiful sermons in beautiful studies, to read to beautiful ladies in beautiful gowns. I insist, it's a soft job."

She Was Filled With Amazement and Dismay.

"Well, according to that version—it is," laughed the man.

Mary Follin had come up in time to hear the last of the conversation. She was very much up-to-date, and very handsomely gowned. Ann Taylor glanced at the watch on her wrist, and exclaiming that she had forgotten an engagement, nodded to Miss Follin, and apologizing to both, started quickly toward the hotel.

Royal Speed smiled a real welcome to the girl, and made way for her to sit down.

"What was the 'soft job' she was talking about?" she laughed.

"Mine," was the laconic answer.

"What!" she exclaimed in horrified amazement. "Did she dare to say that to you?"

"I don't think she knows I'm a clergyman. But I don't know as it would make any difference if she did."

Rev. Royal Speed, rector of St. Anthony's, spoke with quiet amusement, and sifted some sand through his fingers. But indignant protest played upon the features of Miss Follin.

"I wouldn't be surprised at anything she might say," she rejoined. "She's rather a dreadful person when she gets started on those frightful, liberal ideas of hers. I didn't mention you were a minister when I introduced you, because I feared the first thing she would do would be to start an argument with you. She loves an argument, and I knew you came here for a rest."

"Yes, I did. A rest—and to be with you."

The tenderness of the last words was unmistakable. The girl gave him an answering smile. The understanding between them seemed complete. They had been engaged to each other for several months, but the time of the wedding was not yet set, and was tacitly understood to be some months yet to come. Mary Follin was the only daughter of a millionaire member of Speed's fashionable congregation, and those in the secret considered him a very lucky man. The two sat for some time talking, and then strolled off together.

Alone in his room at the hotel, Speed threw himself in an easy chair and picked up a book. But something seemed to come between him and the pages. He could hear the girl say: "How can anyone do anything big who doesn't take a big view of life?" Was he taking the big view? He fell to thinking, and asking himself if he were.

In his walks alone on the beach, he found himself looking for a glimpse of Ann Taylor. He would have liked to talk with her again; but he did not see her. Once he laughingly asked Mary Follin what had become of his "adversary."

"Oh, I told her who you were," answered Mary.

Sly humor twinkled in the corners of Rev. Mr. Speed's eyes.

"Did she fall down in her tracks?" he asked.

"Not she. Her shriek of laughter might have been heard up to your hotel. She regarded it as a joke, and said she hoped it had done you some good. I couldn't help telling her what I thought of such talk, and I rallied to your defense in a way she won't forget very soon. I let her know, too, that we were engaged."

"I'm rather sorry you told her," mused Speed.

"Sorry I told her?" repeated Mary, freezingly indignant. "Don't you want her to know it?"

"No, no, I didn't mean that, of course. I meant sorry you told her I was a clergyman."

"And why, pray?" asked Mary blankly.

"Oh, I might have heard something more to my advantage," he laughed. "Where is she stopping?"

"She went home yesterday."

The acidity of this answer warned the young minister that it was time to change the subject. Ann Taylor was henceforth taboo between him and his fiancee.

One stormy evening, as he sat writing his "beautiful sermon" in his "beautiful study," his manservant came in with the message that a woman insisted on seeing him. He went down to the reception room to find a wretched, bedraggled creature, who implored him to come quickly with her to a dying woman. He hurriedly made himself ready to go with the woman. In a poor part of the city up flights of dark stairs in a tenement, she led him to the dying woman. The physician he found there told him the man who had beaten her had been taken by the police, but there was no use of calling an ambulance, as she would probably die on the way, and he left her with the minister, while the other woman waited without. Speed, with much tenderness and feeling, tried to comfort the dying woman as best he could, but the broken bits of her story she tried to tell him haunted him after his return home. The squalid misery, the warped, stunted lives he found in this hitherto-undiscovered region to him opened up a new channel of thought—perhaps it might lead to the "big" thing for him to do.

One day after his morning sermon, he spied Ann Taylor in a near-by pew. Later she came up and spoke to him.

"It was a very good sermon," she said. "Very good—as far as it went."

"So it didn't go far enough to please you," he smiled. "Well, while there is life there is hope—hope of getting further on that way."

Something in his tone caught Ann's attention.

"Yes, if you want to go," she said.

That night visit to the slums had undoubtedly started Speed on the way to a greater enlightenment. He sought for experience among all classes. Sometimes he found among those who outwardly kept up some show of prosperity, the artists and writers who tried to make the creative power of their brains bring them bread and a roof, a kind of fine courage and endurance not even guessed by the prosperous. Often he tried to find a market for their work by getting the rich or those with a "pull" interested. These things began to encroach on his duties at St. Anthony's. The people who poured money into the church coffers, and paid his salary, complained that he neglected his clerical calls on the families of the parish. Rev. Royal Speed had come to the parting of the ways. He came to a decision. He felt that the woman who was to be his wife must be the first one to know; and he told her he meant to give up St. Anthony's, to go down and work among the poorer classes. He expected her to rejoice with him at his wider field of work. She could help so much with the wealth at her command.

But instead she was filled with amazement and dismay. She expostulated, then pleaded with him to give up such a "mad whim." Then Royal Speed saw he must choose between the woman he loved and the "big" things of a larger life. He hoped he might bring her to see it as he did. But it was no use. He made his choice.

On one of his missions he met Ann Taylor. She grasped his hand warmly, and said, with shining eyes: "It is splendid—what you are doing!"

"It is splendid—what I am learning!" he answered. "And I might never have known—but for you."

"Then," she said, "I am glad to have lived—and spoken—if I could think that."

One day he said: "Won't you go on helping me—always?"

Ann put her hand in his with a confidence that meant a real "yes."


# A Letter From Washington

*The Food Administrator Writes Us:*

"The use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours instead of patent wheat flour is recommended by the Conservation Division of the Food Administration. The wheat needed for export is thus conserved, and at the same time healthful food for our own people is provided. The circulation of recipes providing for these uses would be of assistance in carrying out our plans."

The following recipes for Corn Bread and Rye Rolls save wheat flour and make attractive and wholesome food for every day when made with

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**

**CORN BREAD**

1¾ cups corn meal
¼ cup flour
4 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Mix thoroughly dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well; pour into well greased pan and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

**RYE ROLLS**

2 cups rye flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 level teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¾ cup milk
½ tablespoon shortening

Sift dry ingredients together, add milk and melted shortening. Knead on floured board; shape into rolls. Put into greased pans and allow to stand in warm place 20 to 25 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

*Our red, white and blue booklet "Best War Time Recipes" containing additional similar recipes sent free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Company, Dept. H, 135 William Street, New York.*


## CLOTHES DO COUNT.

### They Don't Make a Man, but They Cover Nine-tenths of Him.

Clothes do make a difference. They shouldn't, of course, for real worth has nothing to do with clothes. But we who meet folk casually must judge very often by appearance, Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., writes in the Christian Herald.

A girl with a blouse on that is fastened by a safety pin instead of a button is very often labeled "sloppy" in our minds, although her character may be beautiful. A man with a week's mud on his shoes is not very likely to be given a responsible position, because it is quite logical to figure out that a man who neglects his shoes will neglect his work too. Perhaps the man, despite his shoes, is a very conscientious worker. But how can the casual observer know?

Many perfect housekeepers may wear flannel wrappers to the breakfast table; but, though their homes may be immaculate and their children wonderfully brought up, if I were a man choosing the woman to trust with my home and children I'd be inclined to search for the woman who looked fresh and crisp and dainty and smiling as she poured my morning coffee.

"Clothes do not make a man." So runs the old adage. But, adds a modern clothing advertisement, "they cover nine-tenths of him!"

## BIG INTEREST IN MUSIC.

### Educators Now Recognize Its Farreaching Cultural Value.

An intelligent interest in music of the higher order is everywhere increasing. Well rounded educators have long since recognized the farreaching cultural value of musical art. There is no complete education without music. That is an outstanding fact in the most enlightened countries of Europe. Music is now coming to be appreciated by all individuals identified with school or college work in America.

Like all spiritual things, harmony has its psychology. More, it has its grammar and its rules of analysis and construction. Melody that stirs the emotions is the unadorned language of the soul. Harmony is intellectual to the last degree, but melody and harmony united contribute to the true and the beautiful as no other educational force does.

Hence it is that all institutions of learning are giving so much attention to the serious study of music, especially theory and composition. Some of the choicest literature published in recent years has been on musical topics. The universities are making a feature of lectures on music more than ever.—Birmingham Age Herald.

### An Oriental Ruse.

It was on Aug. 21, 1103, that Abdulnumen Ibn Ali was elected sultan of eastern Africa by the following stratagem: Having trained a parrot and a lion, he assembled the chiefs in his tent and urged upon them the naming of a ruler of their growing empire. In the midst of their deliberations the parrot perched himself upon one of the poles of the tent and pronounced distinctly, "Victory and power to the lot of the Khalif Abdulnumen, commander of the faithful." The lion then made his way through the terrified assembly, licked Abdul's hand and lay down at his feet. Deeply impressed with this wonder and the manifest interference of heaven, the natives unanimously proclaimed him sultan.

### Old Wall Street.

Wall street in the days when Washington was the first president of the United States, when Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr were rivals at the bar, was perhaps the most popular and populous thoroughfare in New York. It was so named because it followed the line of the city's first defensive stockade or "wall," and throughout its length were enacted many scenes that are part of the nation's larger history.

### The Correct Word.

"Old Brown won't live long. He has one foot in the grate already."

"You mean one foot in the grave."

"No; he's going to be cremated."—Boston Transcript.

### "Jack" Dawson Suffers From a Stroke.

"Jack" Dawson, the well-known express agent on the passenger train that reaches Bellefonte each morning over the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad, suffered from a stroke of paralysis last Thursday at his home in Lewisburg. He was on duty Wednesday and after the train left here he felt a strange numbness coming over him. Going from the express car into the mail car he complained to Leroy Bishop, the mail agent, that his mouth was getting stiff and his arms had a peculiar sensation. After reaching Lewisburg and getting off the cars and going home he continued to grow worse until Thursday evening when he had the stroke. He was compelled to go to bed and was unable to speak. He was a good, jolly fellow and he will be missed in Bellefonte, where he had hosts of warm personal friends. It is said he held the position of express agent on this route for forty-three years. Besides railroading he had a truck garden at his home and sold much of the produce in Bellefonte. He is about 70 years of age and less than two years ago he refused an offer to go on the Adams Express pension list, thinking he was too young to stop work.

### Bellefonte Academy News.

Jacob Hess, who had been teaching the languages at the Bellefonte Academy, has been called to war and his place has been ably filled by Meyer Segal who received his education abroad and is competant in every way to teach French, German and Spanish. He is a man who is bound to hold the respect of the student body and make friends with the people of the community. Mr. Hughes always selects the best.

The flag that waved over the Academy since the beginning of the war has gotten so tattered and torn by the breeze that "Mr. James" was scratching his head just to know what to do for another one. Monday he went out of town and during his absence the students got together and raised enough money to purchase a new one and he was highly delighted. Not so much with getting the flag as with the generosity and interest the students are manifesting in the Academy. The students of the Academy have always sized up to the situation as they also subscribed to the fund for the war libraries of which Mrs. Robert Mills Beach, of Bellefonte, is the county representative.


### To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte



Most disfiguring skin troubles, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic is well recommended. $1.00 at all stores.


### Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

| | |
|---|---|
| Butter | 40 |
| Eggs | 40 |

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat | $2.00 |
| Corn | 1.80 |
| Oats | 70 |
| Rye | 1.50 |


State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


## ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Miss Lyde Thomas left for Philadelphia this (Thursday) morning.

Mrs. Jacob Levi, who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cherry, left to-day (Thursday) for her home in New York City.

Last week Mrs. I. F. Caruthers and Mrs. M. L. Staver, of Jersey Shore, were visitors at the home of their brother, John P. Sebring on Howard street.

Z. I. Woodring and two sons, Wesley and Harold, of Philipsburg, were at Martha Furnace on Sunday attending the funeral of Mrs. Jennie T. Henry.

One of the sightseers in Bellefonte the day Troop L left for the south was Edward Osmer who had gone to the depot for the purpose of taking the bus to Snow Shoe where he was working. He had with him a substantial leather hand bag containing clothing enough to last him through the week. While looking at the departing soldiers he set the bag down along side of the bus. By mistake it was picked up and taken along to Camp Hancock, Ga. When the mistake was discovered it was sent back to Bellefonte with everything intact.


**Mules For Sale!**

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG



**BUSINESS CHANCES**

**We Establish Cut Rate Tire Agencies**

There should be one in each locality

30x3 Non Skids $6.80
30x3 1-2 Non Skids $8.60

Small capital required. Profits are large. For full particulars address

**Popular Tire and Rubber Co.**
2658 Broadway, New York City



**Here's Your Chance You Can Live in a New Up-to-Date Home**

**By moving to Clearfield**

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to

**Clearfield Textile Co.**



**NIAGARA FALLS**

**Personally Conducted Excursions**

October 18

**Round $9.00 Trip From Bellefonte**

SPECIAL ALL-STEEL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Restaurant Car, and Day Coaches

**Daylight Ride through Picturesque Susquehanna Valley**

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo on return trip.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD**

# Correspondence

## Boalsburg.

Miss Annie Lohr went to Philadelphia Friday where she will spend three weeks with her brother and family.

John Patterson and Miss Frances Patterson spent Saturday at Bellefonte.

Mrs. Agnes Meyer, of Lock Haven, and sister, Mrs. John Weber, of Centre Hall, spent Tuesday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Charles and son and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Faxon and two children spent several days of last week in Philadelphia.

The monthly meeting of the Civic club will be held at the home of Miss Frances Patterson, Friday evening, October 5.

There will be Harvest Homes Services in the Lutheran church, Sunday morning, October 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Johnson, of Pine Grove, spent Sunday at the home of Ira Rishel.

The following Boalsburg ladies were entertained at the D. W. Zeigler home at Millheim last Tuesday: Mrs. L. E. Kidder, Mrs. Frank McFarlane, Mrs. M. A. Woods, Mrs. Emma Stuart, Mrs. John Jacobs, Mrs. E. A. Fisher, Mrs. William Goheen, Mrs. Alice Magoffin, Mrs. E. E. Brown and Mrs. Sophie Hall. These ladies were guests of Mrs. Kidder, and traveled in automobiles driven by Dr. L. E. Kidder and Elmer Houtz.

### A Good Showing.

Tuesday morning Rev. L. V. Jones, pastor of the African Methodist church of Bellefonte, left for Pittsburgh where he is attending the annual conference of the church. Monday evening a reception was given Rev. Jones and his wife at the parsonage on east Lamb street There was a very large turnout of the membership of the church and they had a fine time. During the evening it developed that $125.90 had been collected from the members and white friends of the church which paid for the general running of the church and the pastor's salary for the year. This is the third year Rev. Jones has rounded out in Bellefonte and while his desire is that he be permitted to remain here yet there is a question as to whether the Bishop will give his consent. Both he and his wife will be missed should they not return to Bellefonte. William Stuart, who for the last twenty-eight years has been working for Mr. and Mrs. Murray Andrews, in Bellefonte, worked with Rev. Jones' parents before he was born in the cotton fields of Old Virginia so they are very close friends.

### G. B. Thompson Will Go to France.

George B. Thompson, of near State College, who served with Sheridan Troop, of Tyrone, in the war with Spain, and assisted in organizing the Boal Machine Gun troop, has been offered a position as captain of one of the two engineering corps to be recruited in Pennsylvania and New York to operate a number of portable saw mills in the forests of France in getting out lumber for the battle front and other war emergencies. N. P. Wheeler, of the firm of Wheeler & Dusenbury, Endeavor, Pa., has been appointed recruiting agent for both Pennsylvania and New York, and he has asked Mr. Thompson to captain one of the corps. Experienced lumberjacks will also be enlisted for the work. Mr. Thompson has signified his willingness to go and has set the time when he will be able to leave as the first of next April.

### Hats Off.

Supreme Court Justice Goff has decided that women lawyers should remove their hats in addressing the court.

"Are you a member of the bar?" Justice Goff inquired when Mary M. Lilly arose to address him.

"Yes your honor."

"Then you should remove your hat like any other lawyer."

Off it came.

### Mrs. Martin Cooney Dead.

Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock the death angel again visited Bellefonte and took from the Martin Cooney home a faithful and good wife and a kind mother. Her demise took place at the Cooney home on west Bishop street and it was a sad stroke to the family. Only a short time ago they purchased their home and fitted it up very nicely and the deceased was just about to enjoy life but He, who doeth all things well, had in store for her far better things. Mrs. Cooney was a good woman, kind and generous in all her ways which attracted to her hosts of friends. She loved her home and those who went there were always kindly welcomed. Her death was due to kidney trouble and the complications which follow. For the past year her friends noticed she was gradually failing but had no thought that the end was so near. Her maiden name was Miss Katheryn Crotty, daughter of James and Margaret Crotty. She was born at Axe-Mann, her age being 59 years on the 25th of September. On October 27th, 1883, she was united to Martin Cooney who survives with the following children: Elizabeth, Mary, Stella and Margaret at home, and Mrs. Ray Stauffer, of Hazelton. She is also mourned by two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Ceader, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Robert Gilmore, of Philadelphia. The funeral will take place Friday morning at 10 o'clock from the Catholic church of which she was a faithful and conscientious member. Father Downes will officiate.

### Mrs. James B. Henry Dead.

Mrs. Jennie Thomson Henry, wife of James Beatty Henry, of Milroy, Mifflin county, passed away at 2 o'clock last Thursday morning at the home of her brother, Budd Thompson, at Martha Furnace. For about three years she had been confined to her bed with a complication of diseases. About one week prior to her death she suffered from a stroke of paralysis which hastened the and. She was born at Martha and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson, she being the eldest child. During her married life she resided in Milroy but after the death of her husband, some twenty years ago, she moved to Martha where she made her home with her brother. She was a most excellent lady and belonged to the Presbyterian church. She is survived by one son Henry Thompson, a mining engineer, who resides at Shenandoah. She also leaves one sister, Mrs. James A. Thompson, of Port Matilda, and one brother, Budd Thompson. Funeral services were held at the Thompson home at Martha at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon and Monday morning the remains were taken to Reedsville for interment.

### Andrew Gregg Burrel Dead.

Andrew Gregg Burrel, one of the oldest citizens of Centre county, passed away Friday morning at 7 o'clock from heart failure. He was the son of John and Catherine Burrel and was born in Gregg township September 14th, 1832. He was married to Miss Katie Ertle who died 59 years ago. The deceased was a farmer and one of the most influential citizens in that section of the county. He joined the Methodist church in 1862 and ever since that time took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the community. The funeral took place Tuesday from the Heckman chapel the services being conducted by Rev. W. H. Williams. Interment was made in the Heckman cemetery.

### Helen Monsel Dead.

Helen Monsel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monsel, who resides near the Abramsen machine shops, Bellefonte, died Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock. She had been ill about three weeks with bowel trouble and bronchitis. On the 28th day of July she was 4 years of age. The child is survived by her parents and a sister and brother, Ruth and George. The funeral will be held Friday. Interment in Trczyulny's cemetery at Milesburg.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

### John A. Page Dead.

A short time ago John A. Page, of Rockville, near Rebersburg, was hauling potatoes and in some way slipped and fell over a rod on the wagon bed. He was injured internally and finally peritonitis set in causing his death Friday morning at 1.15 o'clock. The deceased was born at Linden Hall December 4th, 1853, and was well and favorably known in that section of the county. He was a very obliging gentleman and highly respected by those who knew him. He was a member of the Evangelical church and a fine man. On April 6th, 1875 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Moyer who survives with the following children: Allen C. Page, Bellefonte; Lawrence S. Page, of Heston, Kansas; Charles A. Page, Rebersburg; Mrs. A. B. Wolf, Rebersburg; Mrs. E. J. Herman, Jersey Shore; Mrs. W. H. Conser, Pine Station; Mrs. Edward Snyder, Jersey Shore, and Nettie M. and Alma Page at home. The funeral took place Tuesday from the Evangelical church, Rev. J. Womeldorf officiating.

### Death of Charles Heverly.

Charles Heverly, a well known citizen of Beech Creek, where he resided all his life, died at his home Tuesday morning at 8.45 o'clock of stomach trouble following an illness of several months. He was a dealer in lumber and had the respect of the people of that vicinity from the fact that he was a man of strict integrity and of a pleasing disposition. He was one of the pillars of the Methodist church and took a deep interest in all christian work in the community. Deceased is survived by his wife and seven children as follows: Jesse and Ray, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Sherman, Merrill and Doyle, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Michael Flynn, of Wingate, and Miss Hazel at home, and by one sister, Mrs. John DeLong, Tyrone. Funeral services were conducted this Thursday afternoon at the house at 2 o'clock by Rev. Rishel, and burial made in Clark's cemetery.

## STRENUOUS COUNTING.

### A Case of Fight or Marry That Had a Happy Ending.

William Kenrick, a Berkshire gentleman of 100 years ago, left his property, which was considerable, to an only daughter. This young lady had a mind of her own and, finding none of her suitors to her liking, simply determined to wait until the right gentleman should come along.

It so happened that one day she attended a wedding at Reading, where she met a young gentleman named Benjamin Child. He was a poor attorney. With this handsome young man the young lady fell violently in love, but still she was cautious. She reasoned with herself for several days, trying to shake herself free of the sudden passion, but all in vain.

Then, feeling that something must be done, but unable from confusion of mind to devise a proper course, she took the extraordinary step of sending the young man a letter demanding satisfaction for alleged injuries. She appointed a time and place for the hostile meeting.

Mr. Child was much surprised and quite at a loss to conceive who the challenger could be. By the advice of a friend he decided to go to the dueling place. Here he was met by the young woman, who, much to his surprise, told him he would have to fight her or marry her. He naturally chose the latter, and, as the saying goes, they lived happily ever afterward.

## WHEN MEN GROW OLD.

### One Sure Sign Is Said to Be an Increasing Waistline.

When does a man get old? What are the signs? Some will say instantly gray hair, baldness, stiff knees, shortness of breath, and so on. An eastern authority rejects all of these as proofs of age and cites doctors to prove that there are two invariable signs—an increasing waist line and a decrease of physical agility. These indications may not show themselves until a man is forty or fifty, but they may manifest themselves at twenty-five. Whatever the time, the man is old.

This is rather an arbitrary ruling, but it has a sane basis no doubt. There are many men, of course, who by force of nature rather than any care of their own, retain a spareness of figure until they are far along in life, and usually with this slimness is activity of movement. But the average man not engaged in active physical labor that keeps superfluous flesh down is extremely likely to develop increased girth in comparatively early years, and, whether or not it classes him among the old or even elderly, it does take him out of the realm of youth. However youthful a man may feel, no one longer mistakes him for a boy when that big waist line comes.—Indianapolis Star.

### Misplaced.

He—At the club a motion was made to buy a handsome velvet carpet, but it was laid on the table.

She—What a queer place to put a velvet carpet!—Baltimore American.

### Small Waist.

"The idea is for every housewife to make the waste as small as possible."

"Well, they can't beat my wife for tight lacing."—Kansas City Journal.

### Just the Same.

"Dascher selected his wife as he would pick out a motorcar."

"And he has been busy buying accessories ever since."—Puck.

## OUR LIBERTY BELL.

### A Victim of Old Age Disease and Its Triple Meltings.

Metals, just like people, are subject to the wearing effects of time. And they also have diseases that destroy their vitality. A combination of both is responsible for the great crack in the famous Liberty bell, which recently has shown a tendency to spread.

The bell was made in England by one Thomas A. Lester and shipped to Philadelphia in 1752. When tested with a hammer it cracked at the first stroke. The metal was recast and 10 per cent of copper added. This addition did not have good effects, seeming to spoil the bell's tone. So it was remelted a second time and tin put in with the copper to restore the sound.

Although details are somewhat hazy, it is certain that facilities in the colonies for handling such a quantity of metal were not very good. The bell weighs about 2,000 pounds, and it is estimated that twenty to twenty-five of the largest crucibles in America were required for the purpose.

At all events, the bell was finally cast a third time and accepted. But it did not cool evenly and was immediately subject to shrinkage strain. These strains had about the same effect as if a piece of cloth were gripped in a person's two hands and torn down the middle. This pressure ultimately caused the big crack which is such a familiar characteristic of the bell and which now promises to become even larger.

Another point against the bell was the triple meltings. Metal loses something of its vitality every time that it goes through the crucible. Nothing that undergoes the "making over" process is quite as good as before, and the Liberty bell had been made and remade three times before it pealed forth the message of freedom.—Los Angeles Times.

## DIET FOR NEPHRITIS.

### Proper Food For Those Afflicted With Inflamed Kidneys.

In nephritis or inflammation of the kidneys diet is a very important part of the treatment. The diet is planned to reduce the tax on the kidney to the lowest terms. Beverages and fluid foods are limited, no salt is added to food, certain vegetables which contain much salt are avoided and meat is cut out entirely.

Dr. Arthur F. Chace, professor of medicine, and Dr. Anton R. Rose, associate in pathological chemistry in the New York Post Graduate Medical School and hospital, give in the Journal of the American Medical association a study of diet for nephritic sufferers.

The general plan of the dietary is as follows: "A warm cooked cereal, generally farina served with milk, is given for breakfast. This is sometimes replaced by oatmeal or a baked banana, and toast and a citrus fruit are occasionally added.

"The noon meal consists of a plain soup made from milk, flour and butter, given mainly to supply an agreeable hot dish, though it is also utilized as a medium for introducing variety by adding celery, asparagus or spinach; a main dish consisting of baked potato, now and then replaced by a baked half ripe banana and steamed rice; a liberal portion of green vegetable and a lettuce salad with oil dressing, flavored with lemon or vinegar.

"The evening meal is composed of such articles as ripe bananas, rice pudding, cornstarch blancmange, steamed rice with baked bananas and stewed fruit. Milk and cocoa in limited quantities are served as beverage."

From this general outline it is not difficult to construct twenty different menus that will contain great variety.

### Significant Shakes.

As the thumbs of a dying person fold beneath the fingers, so the handwriting begins to disintegrate when the intellectual facilities and physical vigor are on the wane. Observations of this kind are possible, for there is no outward sign for each separate nerve degeneration. The user of drugs and stimulants can be easily discovered, for each one of these positions has its particular quiver or irregularity.—Industrial Management.

### Phonographs on War Planes.

In certain conditions of flight it is often hard for an aviator to use a pencil and paper. To obviate this difficulty the military aeroplane now frequently carries a phonograph, with a speaking tube running to the mouth of the observer, so that by talking into the machine at any time during the flight he can record his observations and still have his hands free for his field glass or his sketching pencil.—London Tit-Bits.

### Life of the Wasp.

There isn't a male wasp in existence when winter ends. Late the preceding fall the wasps mate. The coming cold weather kills every worker and male, while Mrs. Wasp hies herself to a convenient place and hibernates, ready to come forth in the spring and lay eggs to replenish the race.

### Queer.

"There is something queer about that man."

"Why?"

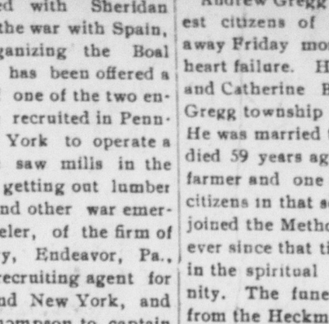
"He was hurt in an automobile accident, and he actually admitted that it was his own fault."—Detroit Free Press.

### Not Encouraging.

"She seems to look upon my proposal as a sort of flapjack."

"How so?"

"Says she'll turn it over in her mind."—Kansas City Journal.

Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

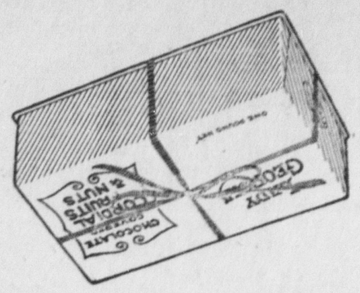
Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

*See them before you buy your roofing*

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.



# Fine Chocolates



Crisp, rich chocolates with luscious Nut and Fruit filling in a well assorted variety.

Special 39c Full Pound Box

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.


## THE "EROICA" SYMPHONY.

### A Musical Portrait of Napoleon as Beethoven Idealized Him.

The most notable example of a masterwork with a political origin is Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. General Bernadotte during his residence in Vienna in 1798 as ambassador from the French nation suggested to Beethoven the composition of a symphony in honor of Napoleon. At that time Napoleon was looked upon as the champion of freedom, the savior of his country, the embodiment of republican ideals, with which Beethoven was in thorough sympathy, and he willingly accepted the proposal.

Before the symphony was published Napoleon became emperor, and when the news reached Vienna Beethoven was violently angered. "After all, then, he is nothing but an ordinary mortal! He will trample all the rights of men under foot to indulge his ambition and become a greater tyrant than any one!"

With these words he seized the music, tore the title page in half and threw it on the ground. He never again referred to the connection between his work and Napoleon until news of the latter's death reached him. Then he said, "I have already composed the proper music for that catastrophe," meaning, of course, the funeral march. But the whole symphony, with its essentially revolutionary character, is a musical portrait of Napoleon as Beethoven idealized him.

### Why 1881 Was Chosen.

In 1881 a so called prophecy of Mother Shipton's was in every one's mouth:

The world then to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

A traveling tailor denied inspiration to this prognostic, nor, as now appears, was it remarkable for accuracy. But he went further. He demonstrated in the dust of the road why that exact date was chosen. Not only was it cabalistic, a multiple of nine, etc., but it was the only date available to Mother Shipton which in Arabic numerals was the same backward, forward and upside down. Eleven hundred and eleven was past, and not till 1881 would the coincidence recur. The next Mother Shipton will select 8008, which is not tomorrow or next day.—London Globe.

### Ant Strength.

An English scientist weighed a small ant and a dead grasshopper which it was dragging to its nest. The weight of the grasshopper was found to be sixty times greater than that of the ant. The force exerted by the ant in dragging the grasshopper along the road was therefore proportionately equal to that of a man weighing 150 pounds pulling a load of four and one-half tons or a horse of 1,200 pounds a load of thirty-six tons.

### The Noblest Public Virtue.

That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self sacrifice, of valor, of devotion and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues.—Henry Clay.

### He Knew Better.

Gentleman—Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anybody. Rastus—You're mistooken dere, boss. I'se lost fouh wives dat way.—Boston Transcript.

### She Knew.

Mother—Oh, Mary, why do you wipe your mouth with the back of your hand? Mary—'Cos it's so much cleaner than the front.—London Punch.

### CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth on the 23rd day of October, 1917 under the Corporation Act of 1874, for a charter of of an intended corporation to be called the "Port Matilda Supply Company," the character and object of which is to buy and sell articles of merchandise, having its principal office in the village of Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

ORVIS & ZERBY,
Solicitors.

### NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Mary E. Beightol vs. Harvey D. Beightol.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916. In re Divorce.

To Harvey D. Beightol:—Whereas your wife, Mary E. Beightol has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916, praying for a Divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the First Monday in December, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Mary E. Beightol, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Beightol should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
October 2, 1917.

### NOTICE.

Pennsylvania State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Sealed proposals will be received at said office until 10 A. M., October 16, 1917, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled, and contract awarded as soon thereafter as possible, for the reconstruction of 2,434 linear feet of Vitrified Block Pavement, 16 feet and 20 feet wide, situated in Bellefonte Borough Centre County, State-aid Application No. 436. Plans and specifications may be seen at office of State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa., 801 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., 908 Hartje Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Bellefonte, Pa. Full particulars and information on application to J. Denny O'Neil, State Highway Commissioner.

## Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Badger Dairy Feed, 24 per cent Protein, go to J. S. Waite & Co.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. P. Is Green, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Complete butchering outfit. Apply to John P. Eckel, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on North Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Auman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—A good janitor. Good wages. Nice home. Easy but steady work. Address Box H, Bellefonte.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Oroio Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL.—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Twenty-five men for woods work—Mine Props—Tie Blocks and Logs. Best of Timber & Prices. Accommodations ready—Store close by. Transportation to operation. Acerage 1500. J. E. SEEDS, TYRONE, PA.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

# The Politician

## His Career Was Incompatible With Winning a Wife

By F. A. MITCHEL

"My son," said my father—he held the position of governor of his state—"I admonish you never to take any part in politics."

One might as well have cautioned another to refrain from becoming an aeronaut while looking at a man flying about like a bird. I was accustomed to see my father courted. He was the central figure of the state. Persons were continually striving to influence his presence at dinner, at public meetings and at social gatherings. It seemed to me that of all men he was the most to be envied. Had he eschewed politics these honors would not have come to him.

It was not to be expected, then, that I would follow his admonition. Perhaps I had inherited some of his propensity to manipulate men, molding them to his purpose. At any rate, when at school I secured the election of the president of my class by distributing the other honors among the different cliques, or bunches, as we called them, of the scholars. This was a beginning which I hoped to turn to my own account. There were several years ahead of us in the school, and before we were graduated I counted on being class president myself.

This I accomplished. I was made president for the last year, not because in a free election I would have been chosen, but because I had put my nomination and election in the hands of those whose election to various positions during the three previous years I had secured. The concentrated effort of these scholars landed me in the coveted chair to the exclusion of the most popular member of the class.

At college I developed a faculty for "talking on my feet" to those who were willing to listen to me. I don't remember that I ever said anything that was worthy of a place among American orations, but the fact that I could pour forth a torrent of words gave me prominence. I had advanced from my position as manipulator, and at college relied on the class wire workers to push me forward. The consequence was that when class day came around these gentlemen landed me for class orator. I have read my oration some years after it was delivered, and if there was one original idea in it I failed to discover it.

The true politician is not born, like an animal. He, rather, grows slowly, like a tree. In the wicked politician the villainy is born all at once. In the superpolitician the villainy is never born at all. There is always some one to do the dirty work. The principal never wears rubber gloves.

The son of the governor, I was not expected to do dirty work. The governor himself had begun rather low, and, though I did not know it, surely I suspected that he had done some questionable work. There were certain flashy men sporting massive jewelry who when alone with him called him Frank. He called them Tom and Bill and Pat in return when he couldn't help it, but when he came to occupy his first important office he got up on his dignity, and when one of his old pals called him Frank he turned him down.

When my father noticed that I was working small groups of those who wanted office or a job or something like that—for I began to work my home city before I got out of college—he looked very sour upon me and remarked, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Further than this he did not reprove me, but he did caution me to keep within the law and always turn the dirty work over to some one else.

After being graduated I studied law and became an attorney. Some men are appreciated for less than they are really worth and some for more. I think I belonged to the latter class. I was considered a prominent young man, and I took care by maintaining a certain reserve to foster this idea. My advice was usually asked on points concerning municipal matters and matters of state. I never failed to take time before giving a reply or to assume an air of wisdom upon pronouncing my decisions.

One summer while visiting a friend at his father's country place I fell in love with his sister, Eleanor. She was a girl of character, always looking up, never down. I don't mean that she was angling for an establishment. On the contrary, she decided everything on principle. She admired men of true worth. Naturally, being in love with her, I strove to appear as such a man. I was well practiced in the art and succeeded in impressing her as what a woman would describe as a "noble, good man."

One morning after having read the newspaper she came to me quite radiant and said:

"I see it announced that your fellow citizens have chosen you as a candidate for member of congress. I congratulate you."

Now, the truth is I had chosen that certain political heelers of mine should choose that I be the nominee of the residents of my district for the office. Indeed, I had secured the nomination by one of the shrewdest political tricks on record. But I did not enlighten the woman I loved on this point. I looked modest and said that I feared I would not be able if elected to be worthy of the trust reposed in me by my constituents.

Unfortunately the next morning an article over my name was published citing different reforms I proposed to carry out if elected and immodestly giving various reasons why I was especially qualified to represent the district. The article met Eleanor's eye, and I saw by her changed manner that she was much affected by it. Something must be done. I feigned great displeasure with whoever dared publish anything over my name without my consent; whereupon Eleanor asked me if I would publish a denial of what had been written. I got out of doing so by stating that if elected I proposed to carry out the very reforms mentioned in the article. If I repudiated it I would deny what I hoped to effect, which would cost me the election.

This not only satisfied Eleanor, but gained her my sympathy as a badly treated man. The dear girl was much concerned about the interference of my political friends and suggested that I reprimand them severely and forbid them ever to do so again. I shuddered to think what would be the result if she should know I had written every word of the article that had shocked her.

This was only the beginning of the equivocal positions in which I was placed in the eyes of my beloved during my candidacy. She was constantly looking in the papers for some complimentary mention of me, and whenever a paper supported me she was delighted with the flattering allusions to me. One article referring to me as that illustrious patriot who had sacrificed so much in consenting to become a candidate for office pleased her exceedingly. But the pride and joy were all taken out of her when I was accused of having engineered the election of a man for comptroller who had robbed the city of $1,000,000. I explained the matter away by denying that I had had anything to do with the comptroller's election, and fortunately she believed me. Had I been called upon to disprove the charge I should have found it a difficult matter. I was not a pecuniary gainer by supporting a rascal, but I knew he was a politician of a bad stripe.

Compliments were mingled with slurs. I was frequently referred to as "that political bummer," "that gumshoe politician" and in other terms that were very painful to my betrothed. I explained to her that in politics there were men who resorted to the most shocking devices and that their innuendoes must be borne, for they usually kept within the law in their accusations. Nevertheless the stigma attached to me was bound to have some effect upon her. I could see notwithstanding her efforts to conceal the facts from me that the attacks upon me troubled her.

The voters of the principal part of my district were of what in political parlance are called silk stockings. This constituency I might have managed in a dignified manner without descending into muddy politics. But unfortunately the district extended into a location the residents of which were of the lowest degree. My managers reported to me that in this locality I was considered an aristocrat and the candidate of aristocrats. If I wished to win I must do something to placate this element. I told them to do what they thought best in the matter and gave them my check for $1,000 to be expended in any way they thought proper.

They concluded to have a grand rally for this—the Seventh—ward, and since it was in the early fall the meeting should take place in the open air. A vacant block that had been turned into a park was chosen, and the thousand dollars was expended for beer, with a liberal allowance of whisky and cheap cigars. Realizing that the winning over of this constituency would not be accomplished by a simple appeal to reason, I forbid my managers to tell me of their plan, in order that I might not be able to reveal it to my fiancee. Since she lived in the suburbs and was not accustomed to attend political meetings, I counted on her not knowing what would occur in a rally in the Seventh ward.

It was arranged that I should not reach the meeting until a fair proportion of the spirits had been imbibed. This was carried out, and when I stepped upon the platform to address the meeting I was greeted by a chorus of appreciative yells. To further win the favor of those present I told them that I believed in the right of a free American citizen to break the law whenever it had been passed to curtail his individual rights, and the citizens of the Seventh ward were not accountable to the Sixth—a silk stocking ward adjoining—as to what hour they went to bed.

When in the midst of a powerful attack on the autocrats of the district my eye caught sight of an auto parked among many others and saw the face of my fiancee looking at me with horror.

My audience believed that I had been suddenly taken ill, for I reached for a glass of water on the stand before me, then sank back in collapse.

Eleanor had come to the city to dine with a friend and, hearing that I was to address my constituents, drove with others to the park to hear the statesmanlike words that would drop from my lips. She arrived just in time to hear my reflections on educated citizens delivered to people least calculated to govern themselves.

I was not permitted to see Eleanor for six months. At the end of that time my father explained to her the difficulties by which a politician is beset and promised for me that I would never again seek an office. If the office sought me I would conduct the campaign only in a creditable manner. Then she forgave me.

No office has ever sought me.

# MARCHING TROOPS

## Length of a Day's Tramp Depends on the Methods Used.

## A HARD WAY AND AN EASY WAY

**If the Load the Soldier Carries Is Properly Adjusted It Lessens the Amount of Energy He Has to Expend and Increases His Staying Powers.**

There are two things, and two things only, which determine the length of a day's march for a soldier. The first is the amount of actual labor or mechanical work done while marching, the second is the degree of even distribution of this labor among the chief muscles used in performing labor. Now, labor, or work, is simply the product of the force overcome and the distance through which it is overcome. The forces to be overcome are by no means confined to the weight of the man and his pack. Many other forces are called into play in the course of a day's march.

To illustrate, suppose the marcher has to carry a five pound weight on the end of a five foot stick. Suppose he places this stick across his shoulder with four feet behind him and one foot in front. By the simple exercise of bad judgment he multiplies the weight of his load by four; he has to pull down continually with a force of twenty pounds, and the shoulder must continually push up with a force of twenty-five pounds, all on account of that five-pound load which is carried on the end of the stick.

Another way in which energy may be wasted is somewhat more subtle and perhaps a bit harder to understand, but of equal or greater importance. It lies in the principle that work has to be done whenever a mass of any kind is changed in its motion. It takes more energy to start a street car, for instance, than to run it at uniform speed. It takes more energy to make its speed a little faster than to maintain it at the last speed—that is, whenever a body is given an acceleration a new force has to be used. Now, every time a soldier bobs up and down when walking he has to start the weight of his body and pack and gun upward and let them down again. To do this uses up more energy than simply to keep them moving up or down. In the one case only the pull of gravity has to be overcome, in the other the inertia of the soldier's head and body. And the faster this is done the more energy is used up per step. Hence it is that a slow walk can be maintained, not merely for a longer time than a fast one, but for a longer distance on a stretch.

Under the principle outlined above would come the loss of energy due to all swinging articles, such as bayonet scabbards, tin cups, tassels, etc. These have to be put in motion, then jerked back and stopped by bodily contact, then put in motion again. All this consumes energy, and work has to be done.

Again, any weight on the breast of a soldier or a tight coat or shirt, has to be overcome every time he breathes. And the deeper his chest expansion the more work he has to do with his breast every time he takes a breath. This amounts to an enormous total during a day's march. A loose coat and underclothes will cause him to travel with less expenditure of energy. It must be remembered that this is actual energy used up, taken from the store of energy available to march with.

Besides the up and down motion of a soldier while marching, he sways from side to side. Every article he is carrying and his own body are thus started and stopped in this swaying direction also. Thus energy is used up. Now, the upper part of his body sways further than does the lower part, so if the pack there must be, the heavier part of it should be placed just as low down the trunk as is convenient or comfortable. The heavier articles should also go as close to the back as possible, so as not to increase the leverage on the straps holding the pack to the body.

To sum up then: The gun should be carried with its center of gravity just a wee bit behind the shoulder, so as to balance the weight of the hand and forearm which keeps it steady (this is the usual practice, be it said); the pack should be as compact as possible, close fitting to the back, the heavy articles tightly packed in the lowest available space; no swinging articles should be allowed, not even tassels; the coat across the breast should be loose fitting, as should also the underclothes; a slow gait should be used; as small a rise and fall as possible of the body should be indulged in and as short a sway as possible. To the above may be added that the shoes should not have stiff soles, for every time the sole of a shoe is bent energy is used up.

To decrease the rise and fall of the body in walking the old "Indian walk" used by some surveyors is useful. It consists in slightly crooking the forward knee as the body is shoved forward on to the front foot.—Philadelphia Press.

### Lithium a Soft Metal.

Lithium is a silver white, very soft metal, which forms the oxide or some other salt on exposure to the air and which decomposes water, forming the hydroxide of lithium. For these reasons metallic lithium does not occur in nature. Compounds are called lithium carbonate, lithium phosphate, lithium silicate, etc. The chemical products derived from lithium minerals have found application in military affairs.

Heaven takes care that no man secures happiness by crime.—Alfieri.

# Rescued

## An American Girl Is Besieged by Foreign Suitors

By ETHEL HOLMES

You will scarcely believe your senses, my dear, when you receive this my announcement that I am married. Just think! When you left me only two days ago I told you that under no condition whatever would I marry, because I knew of no man I wished to marry, and yet here am I married. And doubtless you will exclaim: "Poor Irene, after all my warnings! Some one of the hunters for her ten millions has bagged the game. And now that he has got her and the millions he will hang on to the money and the wife will have to take care of herself."

But you are wrong, my dear, entirely wrong. I have married the best man in the world, one who loves me devotedly. Why will people insist that a sordid interest must always prevail over the yearnings of the heart? My case at least affords an instance wherein love has risen superior to avarice.

But I must begin at the beginning or, rather, at the beginning of the end. You know all till the 12th, the date of my parting with you. You know that I had promised the count an answer on the 13th, that a new and attractive offer from Prince Fiegenheim had been made to me on the 12th and that, while the count was a delightful man, irrespective of his title, to be a princess was far more attractive than being a countess. Meanwhile General Du Pont had cabled me from Paris that he was about to sail for America hoping to induce me to reconsider my refusal of him.

On looking over my memorandum book I counted seventeen other offers, including six titles. Can you blame me for becoming confused? Count Polinski stopped at the hotel at which I was living and would not let me out of his sight. The prince, who is wealthy—he is an old man—was more dignified, more ceremonious, but he would not take "No" for an answer. His is one of the oldest families in Prussia, and he is on intimate terms with the emperor. The Earl of Micleton was at Newport when you left—he is the Englishman, you know—but sent me a long letter from there explaining that with my fortune he and I could put his castle in order and entertain royally.

Perhaps if there had not been so many and such tempting offers I might have taken up with some one of them. But no sooner did I get my mind fixed on the advantages of one than I was called upon to consider those of another. The prince would tell me of the dinners we would have with the emperor and empress and the great social advantages to be derived therefrom. Then the count would describe the jewels that have been in his family for centuries, and the exquisite pleasure of possessing them almost tempted me to decide in his favor. But while I was thinking about them the fact that the earl is an English peer with a seat in the house of lords would come up before me, and you know the English nobility is the finest in the world. But there is one thing about the Micletons that isn't a bit nice—the family derived its estates through one of the mistresses of a former king of England.

Oh, dear! My brain begins to whirl again at thinking of all these inducements that were so lately pulling me in every direction. I thought how nice it would be if they could all be united in one man. To be a German princess and sit at the emperor's table, a peeress of England and be received at Buckingham palace, a Polish countess and wear family jewels a thousand years old—I almost wished we could have that system that was in vogue in olden times—Polly Andrew, I think it was called—whereby a woman could have as many husbands as she pleased. (I have looked the word up in the dictionary, and it's polyandrous.) Just think! I could have been a German princess, an English peeress and a Polish countess.

As I was telling you, the day after you left I found myself in a very uncomfortable position. I had promised the count an answer, the prince was of too high a rank to keep waiting, General Du Pont, who, by the by, I didn't tell you comes of one of the oldest families in France and may be president some day, arrived from Paris, and the Earl of Micleton came down from Newport. What do you suppose? Polinski was waiting in my private parlor for his answer when up comes the prince's card. At that moment a note is handed me from General Du Pont stating that he had arrived and would call at noon. It was then 11. While reading his note another waiter hands me the card of the Earl of Micleton.

What was I to do?

I just sat down and cried. But I shed only a few tears. I hadn't time. I must think, or, rather, I must act. My first thought was to accept the prince, he being of the highest rank and considering his intimacy with the emperor and all that. But I just could not give up being a peeress of England. General Du Pont had come all the way from France to plead his cause, and there was a possible presidency of the French republic in his suit. As to Polinski, I had promised him an answer on that very day and had led him to believe that it would be favorable. Besides, I got to thinking of a certain gem he had described to me among those family jewels. It seemed to sparkle just as if it were really before my very eyes.

It was dreadful, these four men all pushing their claims and I not able to fix my mind on any one of them to the exclusion of the others. And then think of the difficulty of handling so many suitors at once! That alone was enough to set one wild.

You know the saying the homeopaths have, "Like cures like." Well, to handle all these men I was obliged to call in a man. John Jones has had full charge of my property ever since father died and has managed it very well and, I believe, very honestly. I knew I had something far more difficult to manage than property, and John was the only person I could think of to help me. I just telephoned him to come right up from his office. He telephoned back that he was concluding the sale of one of my buildings that he was anxious to get rid of and desired to nail the transaction, fearing another building would be sold instead of mine. I told him that if the whole estate were in danger of being lost I wanted him to come right up anyway. In ten minutes after that he arrived.

I told him of the four men who were trying to get at me to marry me.

"Have you no preference?" he asked.

"I can't make up my mind," I replied, "whether I would rather be a German princess or a British peeress or run my chances of being first lady of France. Then there are the jewels"—

"You mistake me," said John Jones. "I wasn't asking about the titles and things; I referred to the men."

"Oh, the men! I hadn't thought of that," I said.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, looking puzzled.

"I don't know," I said, with a little nervous laugh. "I wish you to do something."

"Do you wish me to decide for you?"

"Yes; anything."

"It will do no good for me to decide unless you abide by my decision."

"I will."

"On your honor?"

"Yes, on my honor."

"You wish me to decide whom you are to marry. Is that right?"

"Yes."

At that moment there was a rap at the door, and like a fool I cried, "Come in!" The door was opened, and—goodness gracious—there stood the count!

"Pray excuse my trespassing," he began. "The fullness of my heart"—

He had got thus far when—what do you think?—some one pushed against him, and, turning, he saw the prince. And, great Scott, the other two were coming down the corridor! The prince had seen the count, the earl had seen the prince, and the general had seen the earl coming toward my suit. They had followed one another.

I looked at John Jones appealingly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this lady has just made a very important decision—a decision that affects you all." Oh, dear, how eager they all looked!

"Looking at me, he asked, "Am I right?" and I answered, "Yes." I trusted him

"She has decided to whom of all her suitors she will give her hand." (Each man's eyes sparkled with anxiety lest some other than himself had been chosen). "I have the honor to announce to you, gentlemen, that I am the favored man."

"You!" shouted the count and the general. The other two maintained a dignified silence.

You could have knocked me down with a feather. I glanced at John Jones to know if this was in earnest or only to get rid of the others. He understood my meaning and replied by a look which seemed to say, "I am in earnest."

They say that when persons are drowning all the acts of their lives pass in review before them. All the advantages I was giving up passed before me. And it is also said that a drowning person will catch at a straw. I caught at John Jones.

"Ez this an affair comique," asked General Du Pont, "or ze truth?"

I nerved myself for an effort. Oh, how grateful I felt to John! And I said, "It's the truth."

The four noblemen bowed very low, turned and went away. How embarrassing it must have been if they met at the elevator! When they had gone John turned to me and said:

"Do you approve my course?"

"Yes, I do."

"I release you."

"No, you won't," I said. "I've had enough of all this. I wish it closed up at once."

"Married at once?"

"Instantly."

John sent out for a clergyman, and we were married and took the train for this place. I always liked John, but somehow I hadn't thought of him for a husband. I suppose my mind had been on coronets. But John says he had loved me—just think—since I was a little bit of a girl. And I—well, I find it perfectly lovely to have a fine, decided business man on whom to rely for a husband.

But one thing, only one thing, troubles me. There is one regret that I cannot get out of my mind. The Countess Polinski would sound well; Mme. le General or probably Mme. le President would sound better; the Countess of Micleton, being English, you know, would sound better still, but the Princess of Fiegenheim would be divine.

And to give up all these to be plain Mrs. John Jones! Isn't it awful?

However, John tells me that his name is really Hamilton, but that when a boy his mother divorced his father and took her maiden name of Jones. He (John) insisted on being called Jones also.

Now that his mother is dead he will resume the name of Hamilton. So all ends well.

## BIRTHPLACE OF BASEBALL.

**And the Diamond as First Laid Out by Abner Doubleday.**

In the new Delaware and Hudson station at Cooperstown, N. Y., hangs an oil painting with an inscription that runs thus:

MAJOR GEN. ABNER DOUBLEDAY
1819-1893

Graduated from West Point, 1842; commanded 76th N. Y. Civil War Volunteers from Cooperstown. He originated our National Game of Baseball, and it was here in 1839 that he laid out the first baseball diamond. So reported the special Baseball Commission in 1907.

The decision that Abner Doubleday was the father of baseball and that Cooperstown was its birthplace followed a thorough investigation of many clews. The commission, which numbered among its members two United States senators and several high officials of the National and American leagues, spent a long time in completing the research.

At the time of the investigation Abner Graves, one of the original players, was a mining engineer at Denver, Colo. He proved to be the only survivor among those young Cooperstown boys who played so long ago in a village field, conveniently near Greene's select school. He reported that he saw Doubleday mark off the lines and place the bases and players virtually as they are in baseball today.

The game had previously been nothing more than the English rounders, to which baseball, as now known, bears as little resemblance as drafts to chess. Abner Doubleday, who was then twenty, received his inspiration one day while he was playing rounders, and he lost no time in marking out a diamond with a crooked stick. Later he blocked out his new scheme on paper, but it is interesting to remember that he tried it first on Mother Earth.

The diamond he drew was thirty yards square. Players, amateur and professional, have come and gone; rule after rule has been modified; underhand throws and curved deliveries have arrived; a change has come in the size and weight of the ball, which originally was two and one half ounces of rubber covered with yarn and leather, weighing six and one-half ounces and measuring ten and one-half inches in circumference; in the wake of the ball have followed padded gloves, catchers' mitts, breast pads and masks, but the diamond of today still measures ninety feet along each side.—Youth's Companion.

## A CITY OF MANY SIEGES.

**Verdun Has Figured In Wars Since the Time of Caesar.**

The first appearance of Verdun in the pages of history was in the time of Julius Caesar, who established at Verodunum, as it was then called, a magazine for his legions.

The Germans first attacked Verdun in the sixth century, when the Franks from the northwestern part of Germany took possession of the town. By the famous treaty of Verdun, made on this date in the year 843, Verdun formed part of the dominions of Lothaire. It was taken and annexed to the German empire in 939 by Otho I. and placed under the temporal authority of the bishops.

Verdun surrendered to France in 1553, but was not formally ceded to France until nearly a century later. During the French revolution, in 1792, the citizens of Verdun opened their gates to the Prussians after a bombardment of a few hours. The French commandant committed suicide and the revolutionary government executed a number of others who shared the responsibility for the ignominious surrender, including fourteen girls who had offered flowers to the Prussian monarch. The Prussians were driven out after having held the town forty-three days.

The Teutonic hosts again swooped down upon Verdun in 1870. Unable to take the town by direct assault, they invested and bombarded it, and the French, after a brave defense, surrendered the fortress with 4,000 men and large stores of ammunition. Verdun was the last place abandoned by the Germans, the troops retiring in September, 1873.—New York World.

### Difficulties of Mining.

Every time a ton of anthracite coal and rock is hoisted from a mine an average of eleven tons of water must be pumped from the mine.

It takes about the same amount of power to pump fresh air into a mine as it does to hoist the coal out of it.

In some mines with long drifts the car hauls may be as much as fifteen miles per round trip.—National Engineering.

### Preserving the Pumpkin.

In colonial days pumpkins were pared, cut in thin strips of convenient size and dried for future use in "punkin" bread and "punkin" pie. This custom is one that we should imitate. Squashes and sweet potatoes, when they show signs of spotting, may be preserved by the same method.—Good Housekeeping.

### He Was Posted.

"How old are you?" asked a little boy of his mother's caller.

"Willie," said his mother sharply, "you must not ask a lady a question like that; it isn't polite."

"Why, mamma," returned the youngster, "she isn't supposed to tell the truth."—Boston Transcript.

### Real Nerve.

"Matt sure has got nerve, hasn't he?"

"I guess yes. The other day he asked an automobile salesman for a sample."—Lamb.

Pessimism is productive of paralysis and stagnation.

# Her Adventurous Night

### It Had an Important Result

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Miss Pauline Chester, art student and would be illustrator, stood at the curb of the busy street awaiting a home bound car. Home! She smiled derisively in the semi-darkness at the meaning of the word. Surely the big, bare room, half studio, half housekeeping apartment, was a poor substitute for home. And it was all she now possessed.

She thought as she stood there aside, yet in the very midst of things—alone, yet crushing her way through the throng to the car, how typical it all was of her present life. Even in the brightly lighted apartment, as she passed down the corridor that led to her room, not one of those whom she met each day might speak a welcome because she had not been properly introduced.

Polly was not sure she would care to know them if she had. They were all such silly, chattering women, overdressed and indifferent; such rude, staring men—all but one. Polly thought of "him" gratefully. Something perhaps in the grave kindliness of his expression, his deferential yet unobtrusive courtesy, brought back the old days in Brookfield.

Each morning he raised his hat as simultaneously they appeared in the corridor locking their doors for the day's absence. Always Polly smiled and nodded, but the man vouchsafed no word. She was glad, and she was sorry—glad that he was so very much the man she wanted him to be, sorry that one so alone as she might not have the comfort of an understanding friend.

In despair Polly had added to the cheerless furnishings of her studio the companionship of a cat. He had followed her, this big yellow cat, from some darkened area the night she had bought the fish. After his coveted meal had become a thing of the past Patsy, as she called him, still deigned to remain her friend.

He had, she discovered, certain embarrassing and stubborn tendencies, one of which was to pry into the affairs of his neighbors, so that twice the nice young man across the way had been obliged to lift Patsy gently and place him outside his door.

Both times Miss Chester apologized; both times the young man bowed silently and pleasantly and withdrew. Polly found herself making little sketches of the grave faced man and the yellow cat during times of intermission at the art school.

"You poor thing," she mocked herself one day as she hastily destroyed her drawings, "filling up your head with a man and a yellow cat just be ause they've been a little human."

It seemed impossible to make a presentable sketch at home, the boys in the fraternity room overhead were so very noisy, while a player piano banged away below. She wondered as she sat through endless evenings just what it would be like to mingle with the gay throng outside, to be with one who could sympathize and understand.

"He" was lonely too. She was sure of that. Among them all he seemed to live apart. At those times when she had rescued Patsy from before his door she had caught a glimpse within of an open book, a half smoked cigar. So he, too, sat each night alone. His eyes, she fancied, were strangely wistful. Or was it fancy? Polly sighed impatiently.

"Always," she rebuked herself, "your thoughts go back to that man."

It was all very ridiculous, so she fell to drawing in earnest. No better subject at hand, she drew painstakingly the yellow cat lying stretched before the fire.

This accomplished, Polly studied reflectively an opposite vacant chair, then with a sudden dimpling smile she bent again over the drawing board. She was so absorbed she failed to notice the cessation of the player piano and a gradual growing silence settling over the building.

Raising at last a flushed face, she regarded with much satisfaction her work. The figure pictured in the chair opposite her own was remarkably true to life. The "man's" open book lay upon the table beside him, his half smoked cigar in his hand, Patsy comfortably stretched at his feet.

"Twelve," chimed the little clock in sharp, even strokes. "Mercy!" exclaimed the girl, and jumped to her feet. There was something the matter with the lock as she attempted to fasten her door for the night, so she thrust it wide open, intending thus to close it securely. A mysterious rustling sound, as of some person or persons stealthily moving farther back among the shadows, caused Polly's heart to flutter uncomfortably.

Not long ago there had been a robbery in this very apartment. She wished that she were not alone. No light showed from beneath the opposite door, no evidence of "his" presence. In trepidation she reached for the door handle to close herself in when, apparently from nowhere, a man's figure confronted her. A rather good looking young man he appeared to be, though fantastically dressed. Polly's apprehension grew at sight of his close buttoned red sweater and the bandanna handkerchief knotted about his throat. The man snatched a yellow checked cap from his head and bowed. In spite of her fear Polly's face flushed angrily at his assurance.

"If you please," he said, "I'd like to talk with you. No"—as she ventured to withdraw into the room—"I won't keep you long, and I'll say it here.

"My first subject is art. I wish to give you a little dissertation on art"—

With rapidly beating heart Polly waited. It was impossible to follow the excited rapidity of the outrageous young man's flowing talk. Of one thing she was sure, he was insane.

Insane, and she alone on the deserted floor of an apartment building, at midnight. What should she do?

To call out or startle a maniac, Polly remembered, might bring on a dangerous climax. What should she do?

Again, very cautiously, she moved toward the shelter of her room.

"Wait!" cried the young man sharply. "I have more to say to you than this, much more."

In the momentary silence that followed she feared he would hear her frightened breathing.

"I love you," burst out the young man at last. "I love you. For long days have I watched you stealthily, adoringly. All my future is built on hope of winning you. Your love can raise me to the highest paradise, your refusal sends me to the lowest depths of despair. Weigh well, then, lovely maid, your answer—lest I destroy myself in your presence; take care."

Faintly the girl leaned against the doorway. Surely she had fallen asleep over her sketching, and this was but part of a troubled dream. From down the hall came a low, confused murmur.

"I love you," cried the young man again—"I love you." His voice ended in a wail. "Say yes, or I destroy myself."

With a sudden flash of light the door opposite was thrown open; for an instant "he" stood there, perplexed, uncertain—he, the one wise, kind soul in all this dreadful city. Polly never hesitated. "Oh, please!" she murmured, and rushed toward him. The man of the opposite room put her aside gently while he caught the wild youth by the collar. "Now," he asked sharply, "what is the meaning of all this?"

Up from the shadows of the long corridor came slowly and silently in their sneaker shoes a dozen men, young men Polly's startled eyes discerned them to be, and for the most part they were laughing or covering their mouths to smother their laughter. Her tormentor of a moment ago was grinning, too, grinning rather sheepishly, as the one man's stern gaze was bent upon him.

"Explain," commanded her protector, "or shall I call the police?"

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence," said a voice, "let us down easy. Maybe we did overdo it a little tonight, but we got pretty gay. It's the fraternity initiation, you know. Bayes, here, was ordered to do a few stunts, had to travel around town all night in that rig and end up with a proposal to the prettiest girl in the building. We picked Miss—er—Chester out as she came in tonight and stipulated the art talk when we'd learned her profession. He had to do it. Don't blame Bayes."

The spokesman's repentant eyes met those of the enlightened Miss Chester.

"Awfully sorry," he said remorsefully. "Any way in the world we can apologize, jointly or singly, we'll do it." His solemn face changed convulsively. "Gee," he laughed, "but it was funny."

Polly drew a long breath, and her champion, still holding the victim of initiation by his sweater collar, looked back at her.

"What do you say, Miss Chester?" he asked. "Shall we have these disturbers of the peace jailed, as we could, locked up for the common idiots they are, or"—

It was very comforting to have a protector. Also it was because of these very idiots that "he" was now her protector.

"We will let them go free," she said. Humbly abject, the initiation committee shuffled away. Amused understanding sparkled suddenly in the eyes Polly turned upon her companion. "It must have been funny for them," she said. But Mr. Lawrence was regarding her intently. There seemed to be in his gaze more concern than such short acquaintance warranted.

"You should not be living here alone," he said abruptly. "A girl like you ought to be cared for in her own home by her own people." The sparkle left Polly's eyes.

"That," she motioned to the bare studio, "is my only home"—she smiled tremulously—"and Patsy all 'my family.'" Patsy, seeing at that moment a chance for a neighborly call, darted across the hall, eluding the girl's grasp. It was the man who after a hasty chase brought him back to her fireside, and there, forgotten, face uppermost, in plain view, lay Polly's clever sketch.

For long vibrant moments they looked from the drawing back again into each other's eyes, the girl's pained, startled, his glowing with some new emotion, deep, unreadable. Then impulsively he caught up her pencil and with swift steady strokes drew opposite the chair which was his own a slender girlish figure. Fascinated, Polly watched him, and if his pencil was not as skilled as her own the likeness to herself was too true to be mistaken.

Again he raised his glowing tender eyes to hers, then wrote beneath the sketch one word—"Home!" And when the door of his apartment closed behind him Polly caught up the yellow cat. "Of course, Patsy," she said, "it is all a part of my unreal adventurous night. Tomorrow it will not be true."

Patsy narrowed his inscrutable golden eyes and purred contentedly, for the "Home" picture was to come true, and Polly would be lonely no more.

# A MARINE CHASE

### It Was For a Crook and $50,000

By WARREN MILLER

The most interesting chase I ever had in all my experience as a detective officer was for Simpson, who had robbed the —— National bank of $50,000 in currency. Simpson was located in New York by the police, or was supposed to be, and his problem was to get out of the city with the plunder. The problem of the police was to arrest him with the funds on him.

My being called into the case arose from certain information that came from Philadelphia. The chief of police of that city gave out information that a small steamer no bigger than a canal boat that had been laid up for some time had been purchased and was being put into commission. The owner could give no satisfactory account of the sale or who was the real purchaser. Indeed, they had become suspicious of the use to which she was to be put and had advised the police to be on the lookout.

The way we got on to Simpson's connection with the steamer was this: An anonymous letter was received at police headquarters which stated that he had chartered a single sticker at New London and was intending to make for Canada in her. Had we not heard of the Philadelphia matter we would have been on the lookout in the direction of New London. As it was we inferred that Simpson had written the anonymous letter to put us off the track. But if this were so he had not counted on our being in a position to put these two bits of information together.

As soon as I arrived at Philadelphia I went to the dock where the suspect was lying. Without appearing to be interested in her I made a mental note of everything in her outward makeup. She was evidently such a boat as is used for carrying passengers short distances between a city and its outlying towns. She had a single stack, was moved by a propeller and was painted white. The name on her stern was Peter Muller.

There were no signs of her leaving port, and I got the idea that I was off the track. I employed a man to watch the boat and made a visit to the police department, hoping to get some more information concerning her. They told me they thought they had traced the new ownership of the Muller and it was all right.

Had it not been for this information I would have watched the boat myself or at least taken better measures to keep advised of her movements. As it was I went to my hotel and to bed early, being tired. I was awakened at 3 o'clock in the morning by a bellboy, who ushered into my room the man I had placed on watch. He told me that he had gone to sleep about midnight and was awakened by a puffing. Opening his eyes, he saw the Muller going out.

I chartered a tug, and, having received information that my quarry after making the ocean had gone northward, I followed in hot haste. The Muller must have had good motive power, for despite the fact that we put on all steam she kept ahead of us. We saw nothing of her, but upon inquiry learned that she was several hours ahead of us, making northward.

Before leaving Philadelphia I had telephoned the New York police department of what had taken place, but whether or not they took steps to head off the fugitive nothing came of my notification. I kept on, guided by inquiry alone all day, but all day gaining on the Muller. When night came on I felt that temporarily at least I had lost her, for at night she could go where she pleased without her movements being noted.

However, I reasoned that the Muller would not know that she was being chased and would therefore not be likely to attempt to throw me off her track. At any rate, I determined to put into the first available port and try to pick up information of the fugitive the next day. This I did and in the morning started again northward, making inquiries along the way. About noon I got the first information. The Muller had been seen about five hours ahead of me, still pointing northward.

In this way I followed the fugitive for several days. The last I heard of her was off Cape Cod. She was then pointing for Portland. I now saw her object. She would make for Casco bay, in which there are several hundred islands, among which she would have an excellent opportunity to lose herself. There would be both advantage and disadvantage in this to me. I would have her cooped within a limited area, for she could not go on with safety northward, there being no harbor between Maine and the St. Lawrence river. But to find her among the islands of Casco bay would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. At the same time I might hunt her down by the same process of inquiry I had already pursued.

I made Portsmouth, where I learned that the Muller had been there. A man had come ashore to buy provisions, answering to a description of Simpson. It was evident from this that he did not suppose he was followed, or he would not have taken the risk of going ashore unless disguised. This theory turned out to be wrong, as will appear later.

I looked for a week among the islands of Casco bay for the Muller without getting any trace of her whatever. Then one morning when I went up from below I saw a boat anchored in a cove that answered to her except that the latter was a lead color, while the Muller was white. It happened that we had for two days had one of those fogs that float in from the ocean in that region. This put me on to a train of thought. My father had been in the volunteer navy during the war between the states, and he had told me that ships attempting to run the blockade of the Confederate ports were painted a light gray, this being the color best adapted to concealment, especially in the gray of the morning. This, together with the resemblance in all except color between the Muller and this boat I was looking at, suggested to me that the fugitive had been repainted. During a two days' fog there had been ample opportunity to do this.

I at once ran over every point I had noted when the Muller was lying at Philadelphia, and this gray boat before me corresponded with her in every particular. I at once gave orders to steam for her. We were lying at anchor at the time, and the fires were banked. Before we could get the anchor up and sufficient steam on the gray boat got off and disappeared around a point of the island.

She had evidently been waiting for the return of a boat that had gone ashore and started without any appearance of haste as soon as it reached her. I did not believe—if she were the Muller—that she suspected we were after her. In order that she might not know that we were I avoided all appearance of haste, though I was immensely impatient. When we finally got off I purposely went around the island on the other side from the suspect. When we next saw her she was steaming along deliberately.

Looking eastward I saw a low bank of fog on the horizon and feared that we would be caught in it before reaching the suspect. I ordered on full steam, but the fog bank rose rapidly and we were soon enveloped in it.

That was the last glimpse we got of the gray boat for another week, when in passing a narrow inlet in the mainland I saw her at the further end partly concealed by overhanging trees. I at once ordered our course altered, and we entered the cove. I now felt easy, for she could not get out of the inlet without our intercepting her. As we sailed, on drawing closer and closer, I noticed that she was lying at anchor, but no one was on deck. No move was made to get away from us, and when we drew up within a cable's length of her we saw plainly that no one was aboard of her. I got into a small boat, was pulled alongside of her and got aboard. Every entrance to her cabin was locked. There was reason to believe that those who were cruising in her had gone ashore and had left her under lock and key to avoid losing what she contained.

On pulling toward her I had noticed the name on her stern. It was the Seminole of Jacksonville, Fla. My suspicions of her were lulled by this till I remembered that no such small craft from Florida would be likely to make its way up to Maine. Besides, the letters had been evidently fresh painted.

I felt such confidence in her being the vessel I was looking for that I sent to my tug for implements, broke open the doors to the companionway and went below. Everything indicated that the crew had gone ashore. There was no steam on—indeed, no fires in the furnaces. I searched her for evidence as to what she was or to whom she belonged, but could find not a scrap of anything to give the information. I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that she belonged to a party who were cruising for pleasure. So I fixed up the door as well as I could and got back to my tug.

The captain, after hearing what I had to say about the matter, said that he would go aboard the Seminole and have a look for himself. I concluded to go back with him. Having obtained access to the cabin, he led the way straight to the furnace and opened the door. All was dark within the firebox. The captain scratched a match and held it inside the box. Then he took out a package. I snatched it from him, unrolled it and exposed a large package of bank bills. On being counted they turned out to be the amount I was after, lacking about $2,500, which had evidently been paid for the boat and other expenses.

I asked the captain how he had come to suspect that the money had been hidden in the firebox, and he said that when an examination had been made of the interned German liners at Hoboken at the time the break was made between the United States and Germany he had been on hand and seen pieces of the machinery of one of the vessels taken from an unused furnace.

The rest of the story remained for some time a mystery. Then one of the Simpson's crew, who at the time did not know what he was hired for, revealed the facts. Simpson got word of the fact that we were inquiring for him and during the two days' fog repainted his boat and changed her name. Being caught in the cove, he had little time for deliberation. He resolved to make the pretense that had deceived me, trusting his plunder to the firebox rather than taking it with him. There was nothing for him to do after we found the plunder but to make off without it and save himself a term in state prison.

### Warlike Women.

The most celebrated warlike women among the ancients, apart from the fabled amazons, were the Helvetian ladies. Caesar praises highly their military achievements. In more than one instance the legions of Rome turned their backs on the fair ones of Switzerland. During the crusades women often performed the most romantic and chivalrous deeds, dying cheerfully by the sides of their lovers and husbands.

### Naturally.

"Old man Butts is always running down his son's school, and I believe it is because the boy is always at the foot of his class."

"At the foot, is he? Then that is where the shoe pinches."—Baltimore American.

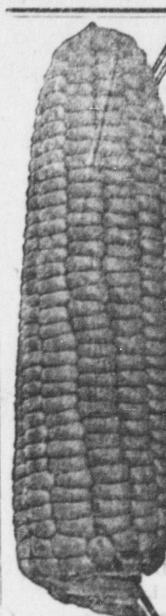
### Cause For Thought.

"The boss said I was brilliant, so he put me among the diamonds."

"Hum! He has just transferred me to ivory goods."—Louisville Courier Journal.

### A Long Lived Dwarf.

Mary Jones, who died at the age of 100 years in 1773, was two feet eight inches in height.

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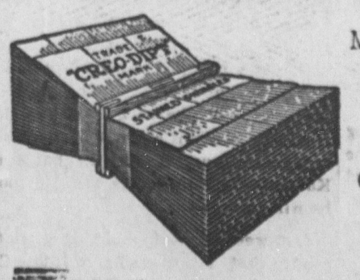


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# Here and There.

Buy a Liberty Bond.

"Send him a photograph."—Mallory Studio.

Miss Myrtle MacLeod, of Bellefonte, is visiting friends in Liverpool, Pa.

Squire Charles Warfel, of Philipsburg, was a business visitor in Bellefonte last Thursday.

Dr. John Sebring has taken charge of the patients of Dr. David Dale who has left for the army.

Mrs. Charles E. Gilmore left Bellefonte Saturday for Williamsport and Philadelphia for a week,s visit.

J. Linn Harris, formerly of Bellefonte, has received the appointment to the position of bond clerk at the Capitol at Harrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Sloteman, of Lock Haven, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson on Bishop street.

Hon. Harry Scott, Ward Fleming and Harry Goss, of Philipsburg, were among those who were in attendance at court on last Thursday.

"Billy" Allen, of State College, is behind the counter in Weaver Brothers grocery store, Bellefonte. He is a very active clerk and is right on the job.

Miss Ann Sober, of Philadelphia, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. H. W. Tate, in Petriken Hall. She will very likely spend part of the winter here.

Mrs. John Henderson, of Philadelphia, arrived in Bellefonte last week to care for her mother, Mrs. Howard Barnes, on Bishop street who has been quite ill.

Mr. John George, of Pittsburg, is visiting at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cassidy in Petrikin Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Decker in the Bush Arcade.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells Daggett, of the Bush House, left Monday for Cleveland, Ohio, where they are visiting friends. They expect to prolong their visit for a week.

Mrs. Thomas Mayes and her little daughter left Bellefonte Saturday for her home in Johnstown. Her brother left Sunday for the army and she was there to give him goodbve.

C. C. Shuey left Monday afternoon for Kingston where he expects to remain two weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Donachy. He is combining business with pleasure.

The W. C. T. U. this year, as in former years, will publish the names of all signers to the liquor license petitions. Any persons desiring their names withdrawn can apply to the Court.

T. E. Griest, of Unionville, was a recent business visitor in Bellefonte. It is probable he is getting things in shape to leave with the birds for the south where he and his family will spend the winter.

George Gamble, of Bellefonte, is building a fire proof garage at his flouring mill on north Thomas street. It is of press brick and is large enough to sheltered the family car and the auto truck used at the mill.

Miss Julia Curtin will soon take her place in the grocery store of Weaver Brothers where she will have charge of the books and act as saleslady when necessary. She is well acquainted with kind of work and will give good service.

Mrs. Green, wife of Dr. George Green, of Lock Haven, and two daughters arrived in Bellefonte Sunday morning. In the afternoon Mrs. Green returned home while the young ladies went with their aunt, Miss Elizabeth Green, who resides at Briarly, Buffalo Run.

"Billy" Waddle, the new proprietor of the Brandt House, Bellefonte, is always going to be on time which is one of the essentials of an up-to-date hotel. To this end he has purchased from James Wian the large timepiece that hung in his place of business.

Earl Harter, son of Harry E. Harter, of near Bellefonte, who had been a member of the State Police force at Wyoming, Pa., resigned his position and came home last week. He will soon leave for New Jersey where he will be a "cop" in a new organization of a similar kind.

A. K. Hoy, of Lemont, and Joseph Thomas, of Bellefonte, left Sunday afternoon for Pittsburgh where the latter purchased a Kissell auto truck. It will carry three tons and the Thomas brothers will use it this winter in hauling coal from Snow Shoe. They will bring it here and retail it out to the people in the town. Last winter it was often a difficult thing to get coal because of the lack of cars and thus only a small portion was given one person. It is an expensive venture but if they stick to the "text" they may be able to make 'er go.

The other day A. A. Dale and his dog "Joe" were taking a ramble out on the road east of town when the dog strayed into a corn field. After a short time Mr. Dale heard a shot from a gun. He called the animal but as he failed to appear he went after him but he could not be found. The next day A. A. Dale and Arthur Dale went out on east Linn street and found the dog lying under some bushes. He was shot through the bowels with a rifle and was unable to walk. He was brought to the Clement Dale home when Dr. Nissley examined him and found that the only thing to do was to chloroform him and put him out of misery. When a pup the dog cost $18 and the Dales are thinking seriously of prosecuting the fellow who fired the shot.

"Send him a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

Miss Eliza Adams, who was a recent visitor among friends in Philipsburg, has returned to her home in Bellefonte.

Give your automobile a rest and attend church next Sabbath. Don't listen to the fellow who would like to abandon the Sabbath.

Mrs. Hamilton Otto, of Niagara Falls, who had been visiting friends in this vicinity for several weeks, left for home Wednesday.

Cameron county is closed against turkey hunters until 1919. If any fellow goes contrary to these regulations it will cost him $25.

Saturday James Wian closed out his harness business in Bellefonte and he woke up Monday morning without a job which was the first time that happened in thirty years.

Go to the B. Y. P. U. Rally in the Milesburg Baptist church Sunday evening at 6.30 o'clock, Oct. 8th, and hear the address by Rev. G. Prentice, "Shall Christians Go to War?"

Rodger, better known in Bellefonte as "Bert" Bayard, attended the funeral of the late Leonard Rhone which took place at Centre Hall Saturday morning. He is the localizer on the Tyrone Herald.

Mrs. George Thompson, of Alto, who underwent an operation in the Altoona hospital several weeks ago, returned home Friday. While not entirely recovered she is convalescing very nicely.

"Hud" Crissman, brother of Homer Crissman, of Bellefonte, went to work Monday as book-keeper for the Hyde Manufacturing Co., near Clearfield, of which Dr. Hennig, of Bellefonte, is at the head.

John Knisely, of Hyde City, near Clearfield, autoed to Bellefonte Saturday. In about one week he will finish things up over there and cast his lot again among his many friends in Bellefonte. He is a good citizen and he will be cordially welcomed back.

Harold Ward, son of Dr. J. E. Ward, of Bellefonte, who is taking the officers ordnance course at State College, spent Sunday with his parents. He has three weeks more of instruction and then he will be called upon to leave and go into a far country and fight for the independence of the entire world.

Sheridan Troop, of Tyrone, has been chosen to guard the arsenal at Augusta, Ga., which is considered highly complimentary. According to the latest advice this troop will go into battle mounted but Boal's Machine Gun Troop and Troop L, of Bellefonte have been turned into the infantry division.

Harry Chaney and wife were in Bellefonte last week transferring their property at Port Matilda to O. D. Eberts, of Martha. On Saturday they had sale of their household goods and other articles prior to going to Akron, Ohio, where they think they will make their future home. They have three sons employed there.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services beginning Oct. 7: Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 8.45 a. m. Mattins (plain). 10 a. m. Church School and Men's Bible Class. 11 a. m. Holy Eucharist, and sermon, "The Eucharistis Sacrifice." 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and address, "Christian Unity." Friday, 7.30 p. m. Litany and Instruction. Visitors welcome. Rev. M. De P. Maynard, rector.

John Eckel, the butcher from Pleasant Gap, has leased the slore room, in Bellefonte formerly occupied by James C. Wian as a harness store and just as soon as it can be repaired he will start a cash meat market. Everything will be pay down when you get it but you will get it cheaper than if you had it charged. He will keep no books but he will make it worth while for the meat-eaters of Bellefonte to call upon him.

Col. J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte has had the honor of being named by President Wilson as one of the commission selected to spend two months on the Pacific coast to inquire into the causes of labor troubles in the far west. He left last week for Washington, D. C., for instructions. The commission is headed by W. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor. Other members are Verner V. Reed, Colorado; E. P. Marsh, Washington, D. C., and John H. Walker, Illinois.

Dr. David Dale left Bellefonte Monday afternoon for Fort Oglethorp, Ga. It is within a short distance of Chattanooga, Tenn., where the boys were stationed during the Spanish-American war. Dr Dale served time at the Mexican border and being a physician of ability will make a useful man at the front in taking care of the sick and wounded. It is to be hoped it will not be necessary for him to leave the country but if the Kaiser invites him across the big pond he will be there.

Last week it was heralded through the county that M. Hurwitz, of State College, had gone to Rock Island, Ill., to work in the U. S. Arsenal. It should have been Joseph Hurwitz, who had been with his brother, M. Hurwitz, for the last year helping to run the clothing store at that place. Either of them would make good soldiers, thus it makes very little difference which one goes. M. Hurwitz will still be found in his store trying to please the people of that vicinity while his brother will do his part to get the Kaiser.

Mrs. Joseph Nolan spent several days last week visiting with friends in Altoona.

Mrs. George Kerstetter and her daughter, Ruth, of Harrisburg, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Yeager.

Miss Marie Walsh, of New York City, who had been visiting friends in Bellefonte and vicinity, left Friday for her home.

Miss Bessie Shirey, of Woodland, Pa., will conduct a meeting in the United Brethren Church on Wednesday evening October 10th.

Fred Thompson, of Bellefonte, has gone to Harrisburg where he has secured a position as messenger in the Department of Labor.

Mrs. Amanda Houser and daughter Blanche, are spending the week with her other daughter' Mrs. Luther Dale, and family at Oak Hall.

John Harris, of Harrisburg, arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday evening to spend a short time with his mother, Mrs. Henry Harris, on Howard street.

Philip Reynolds, son of Col. and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds, a member of the U. S Navy and stationed at Newport, R. I. has been home on a furlough.

J. E. Erlenmeyer, M. L. Erlenmeyer and wife motored from Liverpool and spent Sunday with Rev. T. H. MacLeod and family at the U. B. parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Confer, of North Tonawanda, N. Y., is visiting Mr. Confer's parents, R. S. Confer on east Bishop street. Before returning they will visit friends at Yarnell.

Mrs. J. C. Gephart, of Bellefonte, is closing out her stock of ladies furnishing in the Garman block, corner of High and Spring streets. She expects to locate elsewhere and her friends wish for her success.

Dr W. K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, and elders James Potter and Charles E. Gilmore, attended the Huntingdon Presbytery which was held the forepart of this week in upper Spruce Creek and Graysville.

Dr. M. W. Reed, the Bellefonte physician, has purchased a Ford car with an enclosed top which he will use during the winter to make his rounds among his patients. It is very complete for a car of that kind and will answer every purpose.

Mrs. Louise Harris left Bellefonte Wednesday for Evanston a suburb of Chicago, where she will visit with her daughter, Mrs. R. DeGolyer. She expects to be absent about one month but should the weather get too cold she will be back in less time.

William Wood, one of the progressive citizens and merchants of Osceola, was a juror this week and was one of the jury on the last case tried which rendered its verdict after dinner Tuesday. He had just about time enough to make the afternoon train for home. He is a very pleasant gentlemen and his friends in the county seat are always glad to see him.

Mrs. John Hinman Gibson is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson have been residing for several years at Rutherford, New Jersey, Mr. Gibson being employed in New York City. Last week Mr. Gibson was transferred to Chicago, at which place he and Mrs. Gibson will make their home in the near future. James B. Cook and sister, Miss Margaret, have been visiting during the present week in Pittsburgh.

Dr. Long, the medicine man, is holding forth at Garman's opera house this week. Besides selling something to heal the body he carries with him a regular vaudeville show with quite a number of good comedians. The charge is only ten cents which is worth much more. If you want to enjoy a good laugh there is the place to go. Dr. Long's show is drawing large crowds and thus he is doing a good business.

The White Line Taxi Co., of Bellefonte, has placed on the road a closed Ford car which will be used in carrying their patrons from one place to another. It will be very comfortable in the winter and shows that the new transportation company is trying to keep up to date. John Tressler, the driver, will now carry passengers any place within the borough limits for ten cents. Counting the cost of shoe leather that's cheaper than walking.

A. J. Grane and wife, Minot, North Dakota, arrived in Bellefonte last Thursday evening in a seven passenger Mitchell and stopped over night at the Bush House. We found Mr. Grane a very genial young man. He was much pleased with his trip east. He traveled 2000 miles and could have made the mileage in ten days but they stopped along the road to take in the sights. They had good roads and run over five hundred miles of State Highway made of brick.

Tuesday M. R. Johnson and wife, Hazel Johnston, their daughter, and Edward James, formerly fireman on the P. R. R. yard engine, returned from an auto trip out through Illinois, stopping to visit friends in Clinton, that state. The distance to Clinton is eight hundred miles from Bellefonte but they traveled 2200 miles since they left. They were gone since September 22nd and had only one puncture so that their religion wasn't impaired. They report having a fine time.

Wednesday, of last week Clarence P. Brogden and Miss Isabel C. Jones slipped away from their friends in Altoona and came to Bellefonte where they were made man and wife. When they returned it proved a great surprise.

Carrol Weaver, the Bellefonte groceryman, on or about the 15th of this month, will move from the Cook house, on Linn street, to the north end of the double house of W. R. Shope, on south Thomas street. It is a pleasant place to live and it will be close to his place of business.

M. I. Gardner, of Clearfield, with his wife, motored to Bellefonte Sunday and remained until Tuesday. Mr. Gardner was here on a little personal business and to see whether he could get some men who would go over and work at Hyde City. He says that just now they are in need of about forty men.

Charles Harris, of Baltimore, Md., was a recent visitor in Bellefonte at the home of his mother, Mrs. J. Rachel Harris, on Spring street. He is quite a different young man from when he was playing around with the boys in their teens in Bellefonte. He has an excellent position and is getting along O. K.

"Dick" Garman, of Philadelphia, and W. S. Harlan, of Coatesville, arrived in Bellefonte Friday and spent Saturday and part of Sunday at Edgefonte, the Garman summer resort, at Axe Mann. They intend making some additional improvements out there next spring. They left for home Sunday afternoon in an automobile.

Henry Tibbens, of Bellefonte, the other day fished about one hour and a half in Spring Creek, near the old pump house, and went home with about half bushel of suckers. If he keeps on he will have enough fish to do him the entire winter by salting them down. What he puts on his bait to draw them is a mystery as he is keeping that quiet.

Harry Fitzgerald, of Columbus, Ohio, was a pleasant visitor in Bellefonte Saturday and part of Sunday at the home of his father, William Fitzgerald, an old soldier, and one of the best blacksmiths who ever set foot on Centre county soil. He has been retired for several years but he has the credentials to show that, as a mechanic, he is above the ordinary. He is also a good citizen.

The army surgeon, of Philadelphia, passed Harold Gardner, formerly of Bellefonte, as posessing a fine physique and well qualified in every way to take up arms for Uncle Sam. Harold was about to buckle on the sword and shoulder a rifle when he was examined by the local conscript board of Altoona and rejected as having a weak heart. This board rejected about 314 married men and others and the government has made an order that these men should be re-examined and so many pressed into the service as possible.

Mrs. Dale, wife of Dr. Dave Dale, will close up the Dale residence on the corner of High and Spring streets and she and her little daughter, Ann, will spend the winter in her old home at Gettysburg. Mrs. J. Y. Dale, mother of Dr. Dale will spend the winter with her daughter in the south.

W. E. Keen, teacher in the Millheim grammar room, on Monday gave the word "Germany" to one of his spelling classes and a number of the scholars refused to spell the word. Mr. Keen has quite a reputation for making the children obey, but in this case he did not punish the youngsters who merely wanted to display a bit of patriotism.

The Christian Science Society of Bellefonte, hereby announces that on Friday evening, October 12, at 8 o'clock Virgil O. Strickler, of New York City, will deliver a free lecture in the Court House. He is a member of the Board of Lectureship of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ Scientist, of Boston, Mass. A cordial invitation is extended to the public in general.

Grant Holderman, an employe at McCalmont & Co's. coal yard, became suddenly ill Friday afternoon just about quitting time. He had fallen over and was found near one of the coal bins. His face was cut and he received other injuries about the head. A physician was summoned and he was taken to his home. He is getting along as well as can be expected.

Charles Casebeer, the Bellefonte jeweler, is now walking around with a broad smile on his countenance and you cannot blame him for last Thursday his wife and little daughter, Betty, came home from an extended visit among friends at her old home at Somerset. Very often a man doesn't smile when his wife comes home but this is one of the occasions when there was joy in the household.

The morning that Troop L left Bellefonte for Augusta, Ga., Roy Grove took pictures of the soldier boys as they were marching on the street, Captain Laird Curtin in the lead. The camera was small but the pictures were enlarged so that pretty nearly all the boys were discernible. These pictures are now on exhibition in the window of the Bell Telephone office, in Bush Arcade. It would be worth your while to go and take a look at them.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Undercofler left Bellefonte Saturday for Carnegie a suburb of Pittsburgh, where they spent Sunday with their son, William Undercofler, and their little grandson. "Joe" thus escaped being blamed for putting the yellow paint on the truck handles which caused "Mose" Lyon to say a few words that are not found in the Bible. "Alve" Derr was also found uttering some high-sounding words when he discovered his clothes were daubbed up.

—"and here's your Ætna check"

Mighty nice of the folk to bring flowers and fruit. But of all the gifts, nothing is so comforting as this Ætna check for $250 every four weeks.

I've had some siege of it here—over two months since the boiler explosion in the factory. Doubt if I'd have pulled through if my mind hadn't been at ease about my family. Knew, too, that if I did pass out, they'd be taken care of with the $15,000 they'd get, in indemnity and increases, from my ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY.

As it is, even when I get home, every four weeks $200 will be coming to me while I'm in bed and then $25 a week until I'm able to tackle the job again.

Often takes an experience like this to make a man want to

ÆTNA-IZE

It's a wonder a husky fellow like myself had the forethought. But you never can tell when sickness or accident will grab you...and I wanted to do the right thing by Sue and the kids. Besides, it costs so little.

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